JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 12, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

Vol. L.
No. 1317.

Why Married Women Lose their Looks

WITH all the troubles of a home upon their shoulders, all the worries of making both ends meet, all the cares and anxieties of children, is it any wonder you find yourself getting run down, your looks beginning to go? Is it surprising that your nerves get "ragged"? It would be amazing if they didn't.

Yet that is the way homes get broken up, and, if you only knew, it is the simplest thing in the world to prevent it. However trying household cares can be these days, you needn't lose your looks. Work and worry only affect you because you take nothing to counteract them.

If you find yourself giving way to worry, find your looks going, your nerves getting "jumpy," take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30, another in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed. You'll feel the benefit almost at once. The very first night you will sleep better than you have for years, and wake up refreshed and reinvigorated. Your nerves will trouble you no more. In a few days your looks will begin to come back.

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If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. 16, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

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IF you have not yet had your holiday, the BLACKPOOL CORPORATION advt. on page 27 will appeal to you. This entertaining resort offers all the Summer Attractions during September and October. Write for A-Comm Season Programme to W. Foster, Dept. 10, Town Hall, Blackpool.

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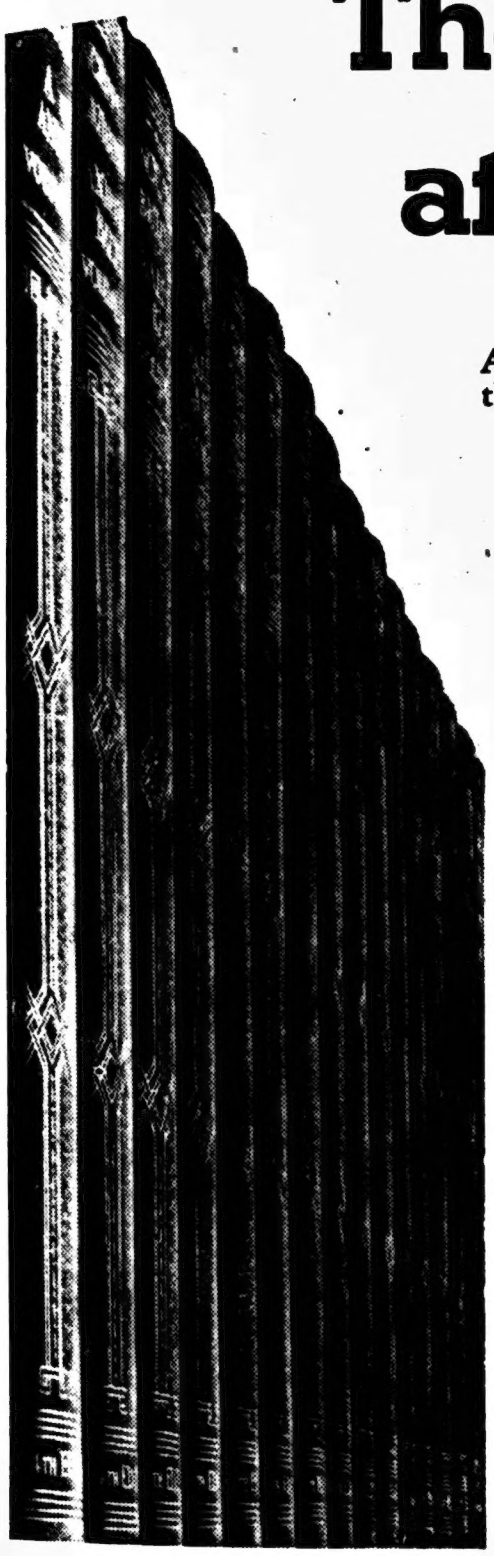

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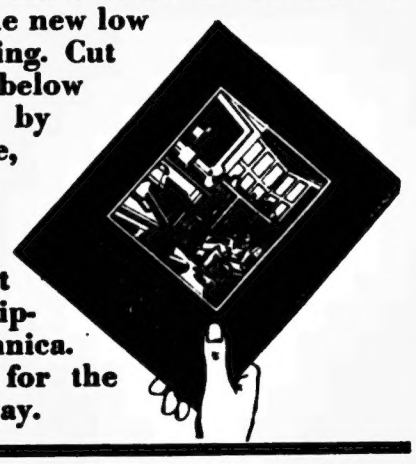

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The Crisis from Two Angles

Land Tax: a Dull Thud

Liberal-come-Labour?

DURING this session further opportunity will be given in Parliament for the Opposition to develop its practical remedy for the crisis.

Some indication of the line to be aken was given by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood in these pages last week.

Mr. Greenwood made it clear that he late Cabinet by no means ignored he pressing need to maintain the tability of the pound, and explained hat the split occurred on the demand f the high powers of finance that the oorest and the lowest paid should be he first to suffer.

* * *

This week, our distinguished contriutor, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, takes nother view. Mr. Gardiner, since he rst contributed to JOHN BULL in 1922, as been entirely unfettered in his exression of opinion, and we pay tribute o his sincerity and fearlessness.

Everyone will join him in the hope hat the Opposition will produce conructive schemes for the future.

So far, the crisis has been remarkble for freedom from vituperation on oth sides, and we hope that temperate ne will be maintained.

o land-tax?

After all the fuss and preparation at have been expended on it, the and Values Tax may be killed.

The Conservatives who have enred the new Coalition intend to prent a pistol at Mr. Snowden's head fore the Emergency Cabinet is any weeks old.

It was by coalescing with the iberal Government that the Tories ade Mr. Lloyd George remove the nd-tax he had imposed twelve years reviously.

By coalescing with the Labour inisters they are hoping to make story repeat itself.

he farmers wait

The new Cabinet has decided that thing can be done for agriculture is session.

The scheme for putting cereal-growg on a firm foundation, which Dr. ddison proposed to have on the atute Book in the autumn, will thus ve to go by the board.

Now that he is no longer able to nd his driving-force from Whitehall, r. Addison will find that his Agriltural Marketing Act is also likely remain more or less a dead letter, stead of enabling farmers to get a ir price for their products.

ot unemployed

Three men who will play an impornt part in shaping the policy of the w Opposition are Mr. Greenwood, r. Graham and Mr. Hugh Dalton.

The Labour Party in opposition must ve a more detailed policy than that ntained in the preliminary manifesto nd there is much hard thinking to done.

These three ex-Ministers, under the dership of Mr. Henderson, are the n for the job. They have had adnistrative experience during the past two years, which makes them well qualified to equip Labour with a policy which will bear the test of criticism.

Is it worth it?

Under the new Government the offices of Secretary of State for the Dominions and Secretary of State for the Colonies have once more been amalgamated. Mr. J. H. Thomas now holds both.

It is not long since these two offices were separated. The reason for that was that it was thought not quite fitting that one man should deal both with the self-governing Dominions of the Commonwealth and with our colonial possessions, which are virtually governed from Whitehall.

The Dominions had for years been rather touchy on that point. Now Dominion susceptibilities will be irritated again.

This is a doubtful economy for an Imperial Government.

The political heroes

As Solicitor-General in the late Government, Sir Stafford Cripps held a post worth over £20,000 a year. He had to choose between loyalty to the Party and that income. His answer was to stand by the Party.

Gave up a fortune

Before the crash came three Cabinet Ministers told the Prime Minister they would resign rather than agree to cuts in the social services.

They were all men without private means, dependent on their salaries alone. They were Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister of Health; Mr. Tom Johnston, Lord Privy Seal; and Mr. George Lansbury, First Commissioner of Works.

People who like to sneer at politicians for clinging to the "sweets of office" should remember these facts.

Ready to spring

The Labour Opposition does not intend to act like a sham one.

It will take the earliest opportunity to try to defeat the Government, and it means to mobilise every possible Member for each division.

Mr. Baldwin has got really alarmed about the likelihood of a defeat, and has ordered all his M.P.s, no matter whether they are on the moors of the Riviera, to come back at once.

Bad for trade

Shopkeepers—the one-man proprietor and the multiple establishments—are beginning to fear the consequences of the economy campaign.

Now that local councils are following the Government in economising, by cancelling work-schemes and cutting down staffs and wages, the amount of money the housewives will have to spend in industrial areas is going to be reduced considerably.

Many of the shopkeepers are now faced with the possibility of ruin.

Shareholders win

Shareholders in R. E. Jones, Ltd., the big catering organisation, have rallied themselves together sufficiently to prevent amalgamation with another company on terms not to their liking.

This is an unusual happening owing to that peculiar system of voting by proxy which prevails in the company world.

In most cases the directors obtain sufficient votes from lukewarm shareholders to get their own way.

Shareholders have got into the habit of feeling their impotence. It should be heartening to this great body of ordinary individuals which finance British industry to realise that if only they act promptly and efficiently the real wishes of the owners of a business may be carried into effect despite the deficiencies of company law.

Regrets

Leading bankers, who were foremost among those who urged a reduction in unemployment benefit, are now convinced that the reduction is a mistake.

Some of them quite openly say that it would have been better for British credit if the Labour Cabinet had remained in office and produced its own scheme rather than that there should be all the uncertainty of a strong opposition fighting reductions in the "dole."

That uncertainty has already had a damaging effect on our credit, which far outweighs the saving of £12,500,000.

The cut has proved a boomerang which has hurt those who used it as a weapon.

What we pay

For the £40,000,000 credit which France is giving to the British Treasury we are having to pay a total interest rate of more than 6 per cent. when bankers' commissions and other charges are taken into account.

Yet British holders of French Government bonds have for years been receiving a return of only 1 per cent. on their capital, and have at the same time lost over 75 per cent. of their original holding because of the depreciation of the franc.

In other words, Britain is paying 6 per cent. interest on foreign money in order to maintain the value of the pound, while the French Government, which let its currency depreciate, has, by that very depreciation, reduced the interest it pays on its foreign loans to 1 per cent.

They trust us

We think these two facts should be noted and remembered. France may be financially stronger than we are at the moment, and she is exacting the fullest reward she can obtain.

But let it never be forgotten that most of our present financial troubles are due to the fact that, when the rest of Europe had defaulted, we honoured our bond.

That is why we shall continue to be the world's bankers despite our temporary emergency, because the rest of the world can trust us.

Will they waver?

Labour's eyes on him

In spite of statements to the contrary, there are a few Liberal M.P.s who may not always be found in the Government lobby.

They have pledged themselves to give general support to the Government, but they claim that they are still at liberty to consider legislation on its merits.

The ultimate result may be to accelerate the transfer of some Liberals to the ranks of the Labour Opposition. Labour men are already looking upon Mr. Frank Owen, M.P., as a potential recruit.

At a penny each!

The Trades Union Congress has recruited about 110,000 new members in the past two years—and the total cost of this great propaganda effort to date is only £405.

This means that organisation expenses are a little under a penny per head for each new member brought in. Such a result has only been made possible by diligent voluntary recruiting work by individual trade unionists.

When other organisations wish to achieve big results cheaply they might do worse than seek advice from the T.U.C.

Blow for Britain

It seems odd that an Englishman of genius has been allowed to rob the Royal Air Force of its proud boast of being the fastest air-fighting force in the world.

Our best machine is the Hawker Fury, with a top speed of 217 m.p.h. Mr. C. R. Fairey's new machine, the Fairey Firefly, has achieved 223 m.p.h.

Belgium has booked it, and Britain thus falls into second place, thanks to the Air Ministry.

It is not the first time Mr. C. R. Fairey has made these pundits look foolish.

Blockheaded ban

Owing to the incredible attitude of the Indian Government, India remains the one country of importance in the world without a commercial flying service.

A problem for him

This extraordinary position was stressed in our article by Mr. C. A. Scott, just after he had set up his short lived Australian flight record.

Even Imperial Airways are not permitted to fly over the country unless their machines are chartered by the Government.

It seems that until plans for an Indian air service have been formulated the Government will not sanction a light 'plane service.

Perhaps Sir Samuel Hoare, an ex-Minister of Air, will solve the problem now he has gone to the India Office. If he succeeds, he will earn the gratitude of every Indian of common-sense.

Car crooks

Insurance companies report that a large number of bogus claims have been put in lately for stolen cars.

So many cars, it seems, have been stolen or "borrowed" by thieves that advantage is being taken of it by dishonest policy-holders.

There are men who make a speciality of removing a car and "losing" it, usually by dismantling and burning, so that the owner can then put in a claim.

When the car has been professionally disposed of in this way, and the insurance company has paid, the "loser" is given a percentage of the profits.

Tainted money

"It was the agents who profited most from these transactions," said Inspector Wells at Bow Street, London, when a woman was convicted for keeping a disorderly house.

In this particular instance the woman was paying £250 a year for a flat in Seven Dials.

We have several times emphasised that this kind of estate-agent is better suited for the dock than for an honourable profession.

Action by the Auctioneers' Institute and other professional bodies is not enough. Scallywag agents should be reminded that in 1912 a law was passed giving power to inflict the lash on people who live on the immoral earnings of women.

Death preferred

Thomas Jones, aged sixty-four, a Liverpool dock labourer, fell on evil times and was unable to pay the rent of the little house in Upper Beau Street, where he had lived for twenty-one years.

He and his family were ejected, and the same night Jones hanged himself.

With a crippled wife, he had been struggling to pay 8s. 7d. a week rent plus 1s. a week off the arrears. He failed to do this for three weeks and the law stepped in.

And this is 1931!

Be wary!

Clever forgers are at work at Lancashire holiday resorts unloading spurious notes in hundreds.

The forgeries are very clever imitations, and a Preston bank manager says it is almost impossible to pick them out unless they are examined individually.

Cashiers counting fifty or a hundred at a time would probably fail to detect the fakes.

The best method is to hold them to the light, for the Britannia water-mark in the circle is missing from the forgeries. The index number W47 and the serial number 526175 should be specially looked for.

"IF YOU SEE IT—"—(Continued)

'Busman's holiday

The conductor of a 'bus, running into its Leatherhead garage at night from London, found an attaché-case containing clothing in his vehicle.

Obeying the law, he was obliged to take it to Epsom police-station, four miles away, and then cycle another twelve miles home.

Three days later he received a message from Scotland Yard. There he was given his reward—1s. 6d.

In such circumstances, conductors of public vehicles should be permitted to hand over lost property at the garage. It is unfair to cause the loss of badly needed rest.

Keep it clean

The French Ministry of Hygiene has issued a circular which points a moral for us.

The circular, which may become law, says that fish and meat exposed for sale must be kept behind glass.

Our own Ministry of Health might well draft like regulations, for exposed food attracts and harbours germs, dirt and disease.

Our slap-dash methods compare unfavourably with the wise precautions taken on the Continent and in America.

Control needed

It is time some regulation was devised to control the sale of air-guns.

Two Newcastle boys, with stolen money, bought two air-pistols for 12s. 6d. each, and later one was seen aiming at a man. Previously, a woman had been struck by a pellet.

Another boy, at Boldon Colliery, wounded a girl in the chest with a similar "toy."

These guns are far from being toys, yet they can be bought by anyone, without enquiry, and no certificate is needed under the Firearms Act.

Prosecutions can be taken under the Gun Licence Act, but much greater restriction is necessary than the mere granting of a licence.

Find out the truth

According to Mr. William Morris, a member of the Blaenavon (Mon.) Council, a live puppy was recently put in one of the council's ash-carts and tipped, with the collected rubbish, into the refuse-dump.

Mr. Morris says he can produce witnesses who saw this outrageous cruelty perpetrated. We hope he will be able to bring to book the person or persons who so callously buried alive an unwanted puppy.

The matter is one demanding a full investigation, and, if proved to be true, a prosecution must follow.

Unfair

When a miner is injured during his work, he usually gets compensation at the rate of 30s. to 35s. a week until he is fit to resume.

It is not widely known that when institutional treatment is necessary any travelling expenses have to be borne by the injured man.

This is obviously unfair, and we are glad the anthracite section of the South Wales Miners' Federation is going to press for a remedy.

Colliery owners should pay these expenses, for they are the direct result of an accident for which they must accept liability.

Once again

The departure of Ethel Jones, of Mona Street, Oldham, for four months in prison reveals more than a cruel fraud.

Jones was the organiser of a workers' holiday club, and appropriated over £90 to her own use.

She was receiving £1 6s. 8d. a week pension as a war widow, 15s. a week unemployment pay, and her three sons were working. In addition, she earned money by waiting at a public-house and also acted as a moneylender.

Apart from the revelation of systematic swindling, the case of this woman offers the latest illustration of a scandal referred to by JOHN BULL time after time.

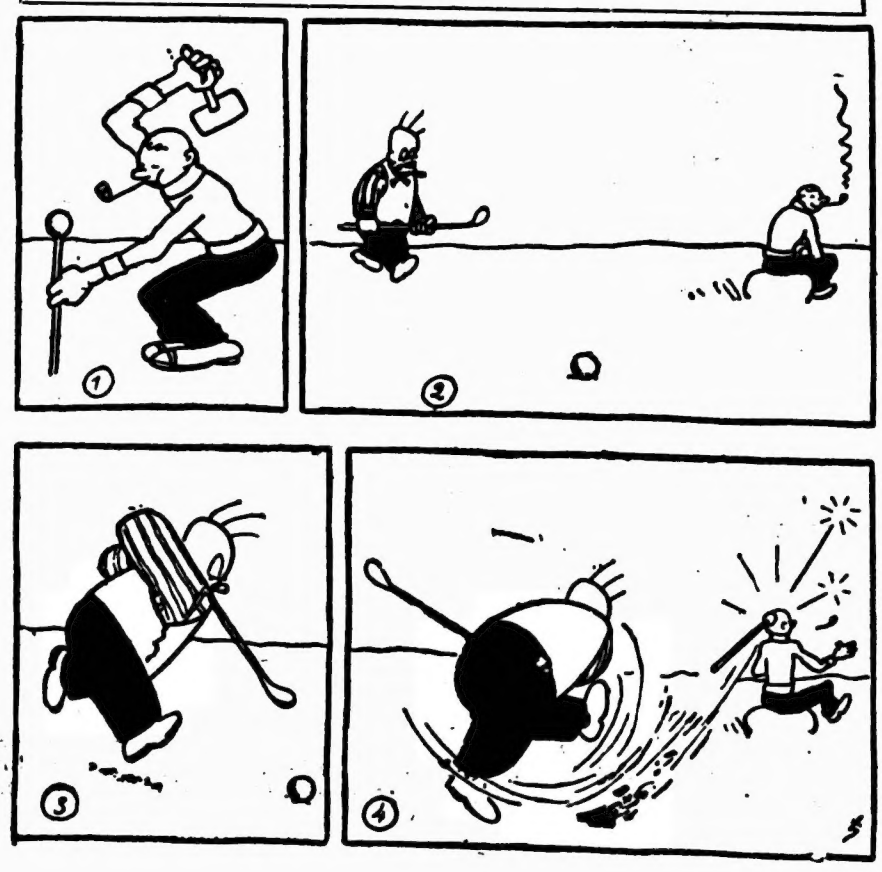
How long will it be before official action is taken to protect poor people who pay into these savings-clubs?

Lurking danger

The recent case of two young Worcester motor-cyclists who died from injuries received in a collision with a straying horse draws attention to a matter in which the law should act.

Most motorists have been troubled with straying animals, and it is surely important that the highways should be kept clear for the prime users of them.

ADAMSON— —Plays the Joker



Cracking up

Although America now possesses many of the finest Old Masters in the world, she will not have them long unless she alters her habits of life.

He spotted the cracks

The heating system in many houses and public buildings may suit the people, but it does not suit the pictures.

The paint softens during the day and solidifies at night when the heat is turned off.

Sir William Llewellyn, President of the Royal Academy, has told several American connoisseurs that the cracking process, already noticeable, will soon pass beyond remedy.

Seeing that one American millionaire left the sum of £9,000,000 for the purchase of works of art in Europe, it would seem that a lot of money is going to be wasted unless something is quickly done to stop the rot.

Business golf

Certain golf clubs in Scotland have strange ideas.

Two holidays-makers in Perthshire wanted to play on the local nine-hole course, and were told that the fee would be 7s. 6d. a week. They were invited to try a round while their membership cards were being prepared.

On finishing, they were told they could not play any more because their landlady did not subscribe to the club.

They had given their address, and they afterwards learned that their landlady had been approached for a subscription while her guests were on the course. She had offered a small sum which was refused, the club demanding £1.

Such methods of raising subscriptions are as unfair to the local residents as to the visiting tourists.

Thank you—good Angel!

We recognise under the initials "S. B. T." our good "Angel of S.W.8," who has again cheered up "The Greatest of These—" Fund, at a time when it is in low water, by a magnificent gift of another £50—the third this year.

The £50 note is sent "In sympathy" for a troubled family, to whom it will mean salvation, and in their name and the fund's name, we thank this most generous and unostentatious donor.

Deluded children

Children are sending to JOHN BULL lists of motor-car numbers which they have collected in the streets, under the impression that we are offering prizes for them.

We have previously had occasion to deny our association with any such scheme, and should we trace those falsely using our name in this way drastic measures will be taken.

Such a competition is reprehensible, involving as it does danger to the lives of the children and bitter disappointment.

A new yarn

Look out for a small, dapper, middle-aged man with a car who sells silk stockings wholesale to householders.

He offers them in lots varying in value from 24s. to several pounds, and requests that they shall be distributed among friends as an advertisement.

The inducement held out is that the presentation of the original order to a well-known London firm will bring forth cash prizes ranging from £5 to £350.

The firms mentioned are Courtaulds and Henry Peabody and Co., Ltd. Neither practises methods of this kind.

If this suave salesman calls on you call a policeman.

SCHNEIDER TROPHY —The Truth

BY
AIR-MARSHAL
SIR JOHN
HIGGINS,
K.C.B., D.S.O.

One of our air bullets in the great race—S6B

ON Saturday, September 12, the Schneider Trophy Air Race over the Solent will be a matter of history, and as an effort to improve flying it will still carry a deep significance.

But has the time come to call a halt to the construction of the winged bullets of the air which have been designed with this one contest primarily in view?

The engines are so powerful, the speed so tremendous, that no Schneider 'plane can land on solid earth, though it may do so at the considerable risk of death and destruction on water.

The tragic death of Lieut. Gerald L. Brinton, R.N., in a recent trial is but one of many casualties which the Schneider contest has occasioned. One is forced to wonder whether we have not been paying too high a price for mere speed.

Has not the machine, once more, outstepped and beaten the human factor? Has not the whole meaning of the Schneider Trophy been twisted from its original purpose?

These reflections arise from a careful consideration of the wise and guarded statement made by Air-Marshal Sir John Higgins to readers of JOHN BULL.

WHEN the late M. Jacques Schneider, at the Gordon Bennett banquet of the French Aero Club in 1912, inaugurated the series of contests for the Schneider Trophy he could hardly have imagined the immense importance which would be ascribed to the winning of the trophy in later years.

He could not have foreseen that the contest, instead of being a purely sporting one between individuals or firms, would develop into one on which the full efforts of the Air Departments of different Governments would have to be devoted if they wanted their national machines to win.

This condition of affairs has come about, perhaps naturally, as the result of a feeling that the most important attribute of an aircraft is speed.

The Schneider Trophy contest afforded the most striking evidence of success, it seemed, and the nation to which the winning machine belonged would gain the credit of being able to build the fastest aircraft.

Finally, the prestige so obtained would help, in no small degree, to increase the aircraft trade of the fortunate country concerned.

The first contest in which any Government took a really serious hand in organising a national team for the race was that held at Cowes in 1923, when the American Government sent over a team of three machines owned by its navy and piloted by naval officers.

Sporting gesture

THEIR effort succeeded, and it became abundantly clear that in future the entry of an individual would stand little chance of winning so long as any Government followed the policy of organising a national team for the event.

In 1924 there were only two entries—America and Britain. There was a mishap to the only British machine entered, and it would have been possible for the U.S.A. to fly over and claim the race. With great sportsmanship America postponed the event till the following year, when her team, again organised by the Government, won very easily.

In 1926, Italy made a whole-hearted and successful attempt to wrest the trophy from the United States, entering three Government-owned machines flown by Service pilots.

The next contest, held at Venice in 1927, was the first one in which the British Government decided to enter a Service team on machines built to its order. Britain won. Its policy again met with success in 1929.

Luck must always play a great part in a race of this nature. The engines are used, or abused, to the limits of their capabilities, and the smallest mishap may turn success into failure.

In 1929, for example, although the two S6 machines were undoubtedly the fastest of the entries, it was only by heroic efforts on the part of the Rolls-Royce mechanics, on the night before the race, that Waghorn's machine got into the air at all, while Atcherley on the other S6 missed a turning-point, through losing his goggles, and was disqualified.

Is it worth while?

THIS year the effort of the British team to fit themselves for the contest has been greater than ever. Behind them is Squadron-Leader Orlebar, a man of outstanding ability and experience.

But what is the good of it all?

Was it worth while to expend so much money and so concentrated an effort on winning the Schneider Trophy?

The answers are not easy ones.

It is undoubtedly the fact that this event has been the outstanding one in aviation. The national prestige of the winning nation has greatly helped our manufacturers' efforts to increase trade in aircraft and aircraft engines.

The knowledge gained in dragging the last horse-power out of the engine and reducing the resistance of the aircraft to the very minimum has been of great assistance to our designers in devising machines of more practical use.

And the morale of the whole Air Force has certainly been enhanced by the victory of its picked team.

M. Jacques Schneider's object in presenting this trophy was undoubtedly to "improve the breed," and we may not be far wrong in ascribing to him a range of vision far ahead of his time in recognising that the terrific speeds which are now achieved could only be obtained *in comparative safety* by machines designed to alight on an aerodrome which is unlimited in extent.

It may be held that the object of this race has now been attained, at any rate for the time being, and that the speeds realised are so far in advance of those at present practicable for aircraft, either for peace or war, that a halt may well be called.

Money not everything

IT has to be realised that the money expended on these contests, considerable though the sum may be at a time when economy is incumbent on every nation, is by no means the end of the matter.

The principal efforts of many of the best brains in the aircraft industry and the Air Ministry are devoted for many months to the preparations for the race.

Again, although up till now these contests have been characterised by the best feelings between the competitors, questions have now arisen which are liable to cause misunderstandings, eminently undesirable when the competition is one between Governments.

Perhaps a fair answer to the questions put above is that the Schneider Trophy has been of the greatest value in improving the technical knowledge of the aircraft industry in all countries, both in regard to aircraft and aircraft engines.

The prestige accruing to the victors has certainly been instrumental in increasing their trade, and the efforts put forward up till now have been justified.

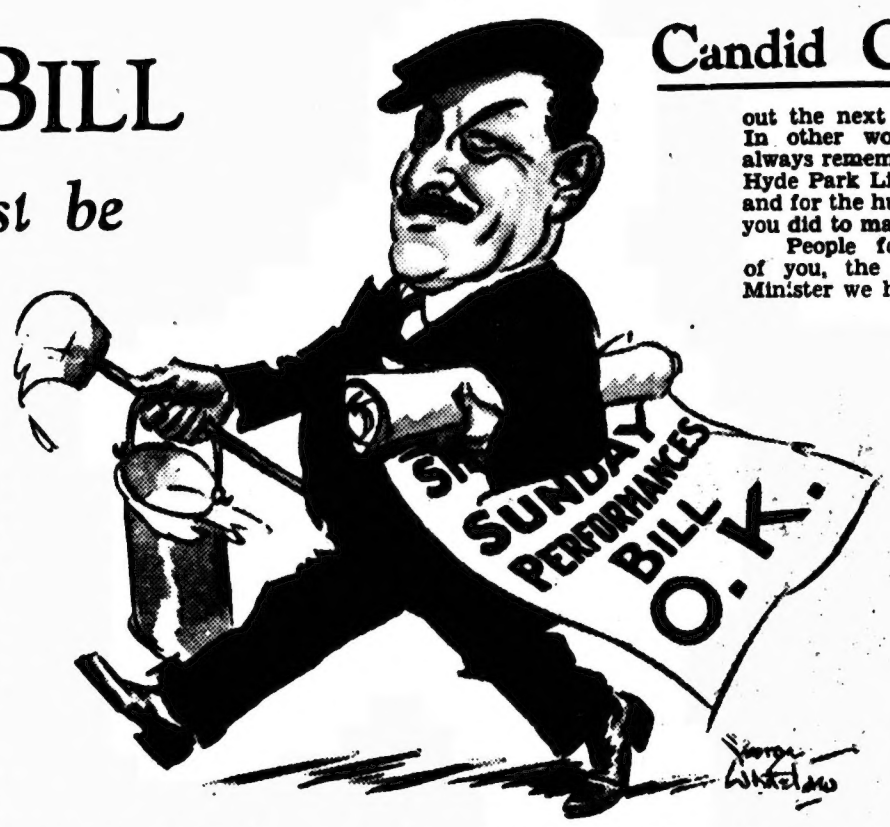
Amend the rules

BUT it might be considered that the time has come to discuss whether any further benefits can be derived from the event, under its present conditions.

This may well be an opportunity to inaugurate a contest on more utilitarian lines, and with rules which will assure, as far as it can be assured, that the competition will remain a purely sporting one.

Be this as it may, of one thing we can be certain: the series of races inaugurated by the generosity and foresight of M. Jacques Schneider will always be recognised as by no means the least of the causes of the advance of technical knowledge in aviation, and it is very certain that the name of the donor will long be remembered with honour.

A BILL *that must be* POSTED



The Rt. Hon. SIR H. SAMUEL, M.P.,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR HERBERT,—One of the duties which you can take over from your predecessor, Mr. J. R. Clynes, without any political qualms is the swift passage through the House of the Sunday Performances (Regulation) Bill.

The question whether people should or should not attend kinemas on Sundays has no controversial Party flavour, and who could be freer to allow an open vote than a National Government?

Quite apart from the fact that any neglect to pass this Bill will cause widespread public inconvenience, I warn you that you will be overwhelmed with trouble from the die-hards of Sunday observance.

They will not hesitate to become "common informers" against the kinema houses and even concert managers, so as to embarrass them with the cost of legal actions, even though the "rewards" may be remitted.

Parliament, even in these unprecedented circumstances, must find time to deal with this ridiculous legal tangle.

JOHN BULL.

VISCOUNT BRIDGEMAN,
***President*, M.C.C.**

MY LORD,—The excitement in cricket circles raised by the possible "purchase" of young Bradman, the crack Australian batsman, by a Lancashire League club threatens to make the sport ridiculous.

Either it is right or it is wrong to allow a native of a county or a Dominion to acquire residential qualification to play for some other side.

You allow such qualification to be obtained, so the principle is admittedly right from an amateur point of view.

But when it comes to international cricket, why should an Englishman resident in Australia or an Australian resident in England be prevented from playing for his native team in the Tests?

In Association football they find no difficulty with the English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish series.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. J. C. SMUTS,
Oxford

DEAR GENERAL,—You have come to England at a critical period, as you did during the war and the Irish trouble. On this occasion your purpose is to preside at the forthcoming centenary meeting of the British Association in London.

I know that the agenda of the great scientific congress is a fixed and definite affair, but there is time, if you will use your influence, to include in it a discussion of the world system of exchange and the future of the gold standard.

The public would be deeply grateful to hear the opinions of the great scientists who will sit in your council, because they know that such opinions will be far-seeing and utterly impartial.

JOHN BULL.

Professor A. C. SEWARD, Sc.D,
Downing College, Cambridge

DEAR PROFESSOR,—You have thrown down the gauntlet in defence of 'Varsity students of to-day, maintaining that they are far more interested in the serious aspects of life than in sporting proclivities.

You refute the suggestion that they are only studious in the training of the body, and declare that the undergraduate of to-day is much ahead of the student of previous decades.

I am glad you take this stand on the side of the young men of the Universities. They are a British product unequalled anywhere, and a word in their defence is long overdue.

JOHN BULL.

Messrs. W. FOTHERINGHAM, W. REID and W. CAMPBELL,
Kinlochleven, Argyllshire

GENTLEMEN,—While working at the British Aluminium Company's laboratory, you heard screams and rushed out to find that two little girls had fallen into the river and were being swept away.

Without hesitation you plunged in and managed to bring the children to the bank.

I am glad that the villagers are to express their appreciation in concrete form. They are rightly proud of you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. A. BLAIR,
Coombe Lane, Addington Hills, Surrey

DEAR MR. BLAIR,—An employee at your daughter's place of business was in a state of terrible anxiety when he heard his child was lying dangerously ill at Seaford, Sussex.

Your daughter telephoned to you, and at once you got your car, called for the father, went to Seaford, and brought the child to London.

The doctors had said that his only chance of life was to be taken to a London hospital. This you did. More than that, you took the parents home to Edgware, and then returned to your own home in the early hours of the morning.

The child is now out of danger, and I know you will consider that fact an ample reward.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JIM GRIFFITHS,
Miners' Agent, Swansea Valley

DEAR GRIFFITHS,—There have been so many conflicting statements on miners' wages that I welcome your plain statement of fact.

According to you, most Welsh miners receive wages based on the Schiller award. This allows a married man with children a gross wage of 45s. for six days' work. A married man without children receives 43s. 6d. and a single man gets 42s.

Statutory deductions amount to 3s. 6d. a week, so the actual wages are 41s. 6d. down to 38s. 6d.

Thank you for a complete reply to those complacent individuals who say the miners are never satisfied.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. G. LANSBURY, M.P.,
39, *Bow Road, London, E.*

DEAR GEORGE,—No longer a member of His Majesty's Cabinet, you have at least stepped out of the limelight without the next "turn" having your "props" removed. In other words, London's poor in particular will always remember you with pride and gratitude for the Hyde Park Lido, the sports pavilion in Regent's Park, and for the hundred and one other little and big things you did to make life more enjoyable for the workers.

People forget Party politics when they think of you, the most human and "getatable" Cabinet Minister we have ever had.

JOHN BULL.

Candid Communications

Sir C. B. BUCKWORTH-HERNE-SOAME, Bart.,
Coalbrookdale, Shropshire

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—By the death of your father you have inherited a 234-year-old baronetcy.

That fact has also revealed that you have been working as a road labourer at an ordinary road-labourer's wage. Never once did you reveal to anybody that you were the heir to an old title.

It makes me feel that you will be a worthy holder of this old honour, for a man who can work with his hands and find his friends among the workers will surely prove his further worth when fate changes his station in life.

JOHN BULL.

Mr JACK DEMPSEY,
Ex-World Champion Boxer

DEAR JACK,—Of all the retired world boxing champions beyond our shores, you have the warmest place in British hearts. You have always been an uncompromising scrapper.

That is why I regret to see this "come back" effort of yours. At thirty-seven years of age you cannot recapture the slashing vigour of your championship days.

I know you badly need money, and there is no reason why you should not earn it during your present sparring tour in America. But you know that you can never stand against Schmeling, Carnera or Stribling.

Everyone would grieve to see a good man going down to inevitable defeat.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

DR. OLGA KNOPF: "Women are not inferior to men; they just think they are."

We have not noticed this inferiority complex.

* * *

MR. E. J. ZUKOR: "In future kinemagoers will see stories of home life and the pleasanter phases of our existence instead of sordid gangster plots."

The fulfilment of this promise cannot come too soon. At the moment gangsters are often made popular heroes and children cheer their sloppy heroics.

Not from the B.B.C.—The Rev. W. Marshall Selwyn, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bournemouth, on

Fig-Leaves, Pyjamas and PRUDERY

THE Reverend Marshall Selwyn—(cheers)—
Of Bournemouth on the sea,
Has two complaints to make about
Those naughty girls who boldly flout
"The laws of decency,"
By going to the beach each day
Arrayed in their pyjamas gay.

Hot blushes mount his holy cheeks
And down his neckwear steal,
To think that in this year of grace
Hussies should in a public place
Thus flaunt their "sex appeal."
He cannot view without alarm
The mass display of so much charm.

This is the first of his complaints.
The second is that these
Girls, when they beach pyjamas don,
So ugly are to look upon
The hottest blood they'd freeze! . . .
Now square, if you for problems thirst,
His last objection with his first.

The doggerel I have just read you, dear brethren, is a sample of the stuff that has been reaching me by mail and marring my enjoyment of my baconaneggs ever since I launched my protest against young females who strut about in beach pyjamas.

I said then, and I repeat, that with many visitors to Bournemouth "The laws of decency are a back number."

Because, however, I expressed the opinion that women clad in pyjamas "look unutterably foolish, self-conscious and ugly," I have been asked how I reconcile this assertion with the suggestion that beach pyjamas are wantonly and provocatively alluring?

"Why"—my critics argue in their shallow way—"why call a particular form of attire immoral merely because you think it is ugly? Many people consider plus-fours hideous, but men who wear them are not accused of indecent behaviour."

I am not, my dear brethren, going to take part in a logic-chopping contest; for, alas! I know only too well that what to me is a revolting sight is to many benighted persons dangerously alluring.

If everybody was as righteous as I am it would not matter what women wore; but candour compels me to admit that everybody is not.

In any case, no amount of specious reasoning can alter the truth of my assertion that "In Christian and civilised countries trousers are men's prerogative."

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Then fig-leaves were *de rigueur;*
But in this more enlightened age
We deck each manly figure
In trousers, so, both day and night,
Man may appear a seemly sight—
That this is man's exclusive right
I will maintain with vigour.

"But, no!" pyjama hussies urge;
"A nightdress was the fashion
For men not very long ago—
So why this comic passion
Because of pants we claim a pair?
If doughty Scotsmen skirts may wear,
Then we demand the right to share
Man's sacred trouser ration!"

The RED LIGHT at WESTMINSTER

by

A. G. GARDINER

"Henderson is not a fanatic"—neither is Clynes"

THE Red Light is hoisted at Westminster and no signal was ever more welcome. It has come late; but we may hope not too late. The brakes have been clapped on, and though the shock has thrown the passengers from one compartment into another, the disaster has been averted.

Even if the engine-drivers are left politically dead on the engine-box, they have saved the train.

How narrow the escape has been Mr. MacDonald has revealed in his statement to the House.

That revelation was necessary in view of the pernicious attempt to fog the mind of the country with the idea that the crisis was the result of a conspiracy of the banks against the people.

It was the result, of course, of the fact that the country was confronted with the threat of an immediate and catastrophic collapse of sterling.

British credit was at its last gasp, not because we had not plenty of assets, but because we had squandered our ready money and could not meet the demands of our debtors.

Those demands became urgent for very simple reasons. It was known all over the world that we were in Queer Street, that we were not paying our way, that our Budget was not balanced, and that money in our hands was not secure.

Give us gold!

Foreign creditors took alarm. They demanded payment. They reduced our already depleted reserve of gold. France alone in one fortnight took £20,000,000 of that reserve.

In a word, the flight from the pound had begun. If it had continued, if all our creditors had clamoured for their money in gold, we should have defaulted like a bank that closes its doors.

British credit would have been destroyed, and the pound would have fallen to any value that foreign currencies chose to put on it.

No one who has seen such a catastrophe in operation will forget it. I had that experience in Germany in those thrilling days after the war when the mark crashed and when the whole population was paralysed by the calamity.

Prices shot up like a gourd in the night. The savings of a lifetime vanished in hours. Industry was shattered, for there was no basis of values on which to work.

The mark had become a piece of paper that might mean something or nothing. In the end it sank literally to nothing.

That was the threat that hung over this country a fortnight ago last Sunday. There was no time to lose. The flight from the pound had begun and was gathering momentum hourly. The crash was imminent.

If it had come, there is not a savings-bank or a building society, an insurance institution or a friendly society that would not have suffered shipwreck, for at the back of all our savings there is only one security—the integrity of the pound sterling.

It was not a question of weeks. It was a question of days, even of hours. There was only one remedy. It was to restore British credit and calm the fears of our clamorous creditors so that they would cease to demand payment.

Humiliation

We had to borrow somewhere to meet the immediate calls, and France and America, having most of the gold of the world, were willing to lend—on one condition. That was that we put our house in order by balancing our Budget and so giving guarantees that their loans would be safe.

It was a humiliating position for this great country, but it was a position due to our profligate policy, pursued not for months, but for years.

Mr. MacDonald had the choice of letting the pound collapse, with all its terrifying consequences, or of giving the undertaking. He gave the undertaking. Mr. Snowden implemented that undertaking in a scheme of economies and new sources of revenue calculated to balance the Budget.

The rest we know: the refusal of the majority of Mr. MacDonald's colleagues to accept the scheme; the appeal of Mr. MacDonald to Mr. Baldwin to take over the Government; Mr. Baldwin's refusal; the formation of the emergency Government of all Parties to carry the scheme into effect.

To-day Mr. Snowden presents that scheme to Parliament. I shall not discuss the details, for I do not know them, though we can all by this time make a pretty shrewd guess as to their nature.

Whatever they are, the nation will welcome them with a sigh of relief as an evidence that "the Rake's Progress," of which I wrote in these columns months ago, has come to an end before the calamity that loomed ahead is accomplished.

We have had our debauch, and have now to tighten our belts and foot the bill.

I think we shall do it. It will not be easy, and the struggle before us will be a long one. But we are still a rich country, and with prudent husbandry can recover our position in the world.

Not revolutionaries

The fly in the ointment is the attitude of Labour. I do not here refer to the Communist group, who frankly want a revolution and are prepared to see British credit sacrificed in pursuit of their Moscow ideal. These fanatics we can disregard. They are few, and they are unimportant.

But the action of Mr. Henderson and the trade unions is a more serious matter. Mr. Henderson is not a fanatic, and the trade unionists are not revolutionists.

As a witty member of the Labour Party once remarked, "British Labour is about as revolutionary as a Christmas pudding."

It is an open secret—indeed, not a secret at all—that many of the Labour leaders who have come out with Mr. Henderson were in favour of the economy schemes which were put before them, and no one suspects Mr. Henderson himself of being indifferent to the fate of the pound.

It is assumed that the flight from Mr. MacDonald was due to the discovery that the trade unions, which knew nothing of the peril the nation was in, would revolt.

If that is true, it is a disquieting fact. It is the function of the leaders of a Party to inform their followers of the facts, even of the unpleasant facts, and to be prepared to take the risks of unpopularity when the national interests are at stake.

Democracy cannot function if leadership is handed over to the uninstructed caucus of a Party, and if Labour is to be an effective instrument of government it must recognise that the seat of government is not in Eccleston Square, but at Westminster.

In any case, Mr. Henderson must now face the situation. If he wants to keep the pound from fluttering into the gutter after the mark and the rouble, he must give a much clearer and more definite explanation of the alternative he has to offer to the MacDonald-Snowden scheme.

He will go to the country—it may be in November, it may be in May—as the leader of one of the great Parties in the State. What is his immediate policy for the maintenance of British credit?

No more of this

It is necessary to know, for until the world is assured of the continuity of British policy in this great matter, it will not recover confidence in the pound, and the crisis through which we have just passed will recur.

For the moment it is enough to be grateful that we have escaped one disaster. If Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden, in achieving that escape, pay forfeit with their political lives they will need no sympathy.

They will have perished in performing a courageous duty to the State which is only too rare in public life. They will not be forgotten.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

WITHOUT Comfort

THERE is an old English couplet:

"How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws and kings can cause or cure!"

As a nation we have been passing through exciting and critical times. Yet I have been in touch with people whose private sorrows are so great that they can feel no interest in public events.

General Sir Francis Younghusband, a fine soldier and serious thinker, wrote in a book published years ago that the sorrows of humble folk constituted a problem far beyond the power of human wisdom to solve.

* * *

My own knowledge of my fellow-creatures tends to confirm this statement. For many years it has been part of my mission in life to try to comfort people in trouble, and in some cases I find it very hard to do—occasionally because of the sufferer's attitude to the thing that distresses him, but more often because of the nature of the trouble itself.

If you love anyone so deeply that your life is bound up with his, and he falls into disgrace and ruin, can you easily console yourself and cast him out of your heart?

Not if you are a man or woman of real depth of character. You cannot avoid sharing that trouble, and it may last for the rest of your days.

Or if you have given your heart's deepest love to another and found it betrayed and unrequited, you must be strangely built if the treason causes you no pang. Thousands of lives are blighted in that way; thousands of brave hearts broken.

Or again, perhaps there is something wrong in your life that you refuse to put right, because you are too cowardly or too selfish. Or it may be that you cannot bring yourself to forgive an injury. You hate the perpetrator and long for revenge.

While these and suchlike demons of unrest keep possession of your soul you will continue to be unhappy. Comfort cannot come to you.

Let me tell you of a discovery I made half a life-time ago with respect to all this.

There is no comfort to be had if a man is on bad terms with his conscience. My advice to anyone so troubled is: At any cost get rid of the enemy that you carry inside. Don't let him master you another hour.

* * *

But if the trouble is not of your making, and you can do nothing to alter it, there is a wonderful relief in simply letting go, relaxing the strain, and lying back upon a Power mightier than yourself, and to which no man is utterly a stranger.

The result may surprise you and seem like a miracle. I have seen it operate again and again. A rising tide of peace will flood your whole being; the storm will become a calm. After the earthquake, wind and fire, a still, small voice—the voice of God.

DANDY CROOK'S STORE SWINDLES

Mr. Vernon Gattie appeared to prosecute, but Woodley had "skipped"

A SPEEDY investigation by the Director of Public Prosecutions should, we think, be made into the operations of a resourceful and daring adventurer named Kenneth Woodley.

Woodley has been the leading light behind a company called the Co-operative Business Association, which boasted branches in different parts of the country and headquarters in a suite of offices off Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

The Co-operative Business Association, apparently, was primarily concerned with the sale of genuine and lucrative businesses, and Woodley, who is a man of middle age, professed that it was one of the finest organisations of its kind in the country.

Unfortunately this impressive man, who turned up to conduct business with clients in a smart morning suit one day and plus fours the next, was taken at his face value.

To-day, scores of dupes are commiserating with one another over the fact that money paid to him for the purchase of shops and houses has gone into his private banking account.

Cunning hint

Actually, the Co-operative Business Association has no real existence except in Woodley's imagination.

One of the most distressing circumstances is that it was formed and run by Woodley at a time when the police of many counties, armed with complaints from the dupes of previous ventures, were searching to trace him in other names in other places.

One of his victims is a Kentish man who answered an advertisement stating that the association had an excellent newsagent's business for sale in Kent.

The announcement hinted that if the selected purchaser could not find the full capital required, arrangements could be made for the transaction to be completed upon payment of a deposit of £50 or so.

"Good faith" irony

A communication addressed to the association's headquarters brought a letter from Woodley in which he made an appointment with the applicant.

At the interview which followed he spoke in glowing terms of the particular proposition concerned, said the profits were in the neighbourhood of £1,500 a year, and added that, owing to his influence over the aged lady who was disposing of it, he could get it at the modest cost of "a hundred or two, all in."

But he made one definite stipulation. He absolutely refused to do business unless his client was prepared to deposit £50 forthwith as a sign of good faith, and produce for inspection at a moment's notice documentary evidence showing his financial ability to complete the deal when arrangements were satisfactorily concluded.

The £50 changed hands. That was the end of the transaction so far as the Kentish client was concerned.

Woodley thereafter neglected to answer letters, and, when subsequent enquiries were made, it was discovered that it was his usual procedure to secure a deposit and then retire into obscurity.

Many complaints have been lodged against him at the address from which he and his previous association operated in Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W., and we are in a position to say that the Co-operative Business Association is only one of several swindling "business-transfer" organisations promoted by Woodley, with similar results, during the past year or two.

Safety by alias

"Kenneth Woodley" is, as may now be realised, only an alias. Since 1928 this rogue has passed by a score of different names, a few of which will be instantly reminiscent to those of his dupes who will not recognise the name of Woodley. They are:

Sidney Richards, Geoffrey Lloyd,
Walter Smithson, Clive Graham,
Gerald Grant, George Morley,
Frederick Barclay, Arthur Digby,
Keeling Smith,

the last of which is believed to be his real name.

Bogus businesses have been run by him at, among other places, Bolton, Manchester, Portsmouth, Bournemouth, Southport and Brighton, while three of the palatial offices he has occupied during the past eighteen months in London, at each of which dupes have been victimised for various sums of money, are in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly; Southampton Row, W.C.; and Regent Street, W.

Even London suburbs have provided him, in one alias or another, with temporary headquarters at which to carry on his plundering schemes, and he is particularly well known in the South Norwood district, where he ran an estate-agency business some time ago, and suddenly absconded with large sums owing to numerous victims, including various firms from whom he obtained credit in his inimitable fashion.

One of his dupes, who got in touch with him at his Regent Street office, was induced to purchase a hairdressing business which turned out to be mythical, but which Woodley said he had for disposal in South London.

To impress this victim, Woodley waved wads of banknotes before him, and gleefully confided that it was his profit out of one small but highly successful deal.

Undoubtedly it was "profit" of a kind; but the client who was thus regaled saw it was barefaced theft when he found to his dismay that he had lost his life-savings £150.

On one occasion the police arrested this rascal, and Mr. Vernon Gattie appeared to prosecute at Marylebone Police Court.

But Mr. Dummett, the magistrate, granted him bail when he was committed for trial, and he showed his contempt for the law by skipping his bail and at once resuming his criminal practices.

At one time he was in business with his brother, Edmund Vernon Smith, who, on precisely similar lines, traded a few months ago, from well-appointed offices in Oxford Street, W., as "Murray Smith and Co., Accountants and Auditors."

Greater rogue escapes

People in all parts—at, for example, Smethwick, Sheffield, Wolverhampton, Coventry, Bristol, Brockenhurst and elsewhere—were likewise robbed.

But justice at last overtook him, and Smith is now serving a sentence of fifteen months' imprisonment passed upon him at Chelmsford Assizes six months ago.

Woodley, however, in whatever name he chooses to describe himself, is a far greater scoundrel than his brother, and, in view of the illuminating facts we have been able to give about his more recent career, we hope that the time will soon come when he, too, will be lodged in jail.

London's famous Regent Street has been a happy hunting-ground of this rogue

A Wild-West Waster

A REMARKABLY dapper and plausible Canadian, named James Sinclair, whose appearance suggests that he has been accustomed to rough work and tough corners in the Wild West, is at present engaged in robbing hotel proprietors and boarding-house keepers in a very ingenious manner.

Sinclair, naming a famous London hotel as his permanent address, recently arrived at a Margate boarding-house.

He told the manageress that he had to kill time for a month or two before returning to his farm in Ontario, and thought a few weeks on the east coast might help to pass away the time.

London was far too noisy for him, and, if Margate suited him, he might stay until October, or even later.

Delighted with the possibility of a long "let," and greatly impressed with Sinclair's breezy manner, the manageress gave him the best room in the establishment, and for a week he entertained the other guests with thrilling stories of his experiences.

His tastes, incidentally, were lavish.

On the seventh day of his stay, when confidence in his apparent integrity was complete, he asked the manageress to do him a small favour as he was temporarily short of ready money.

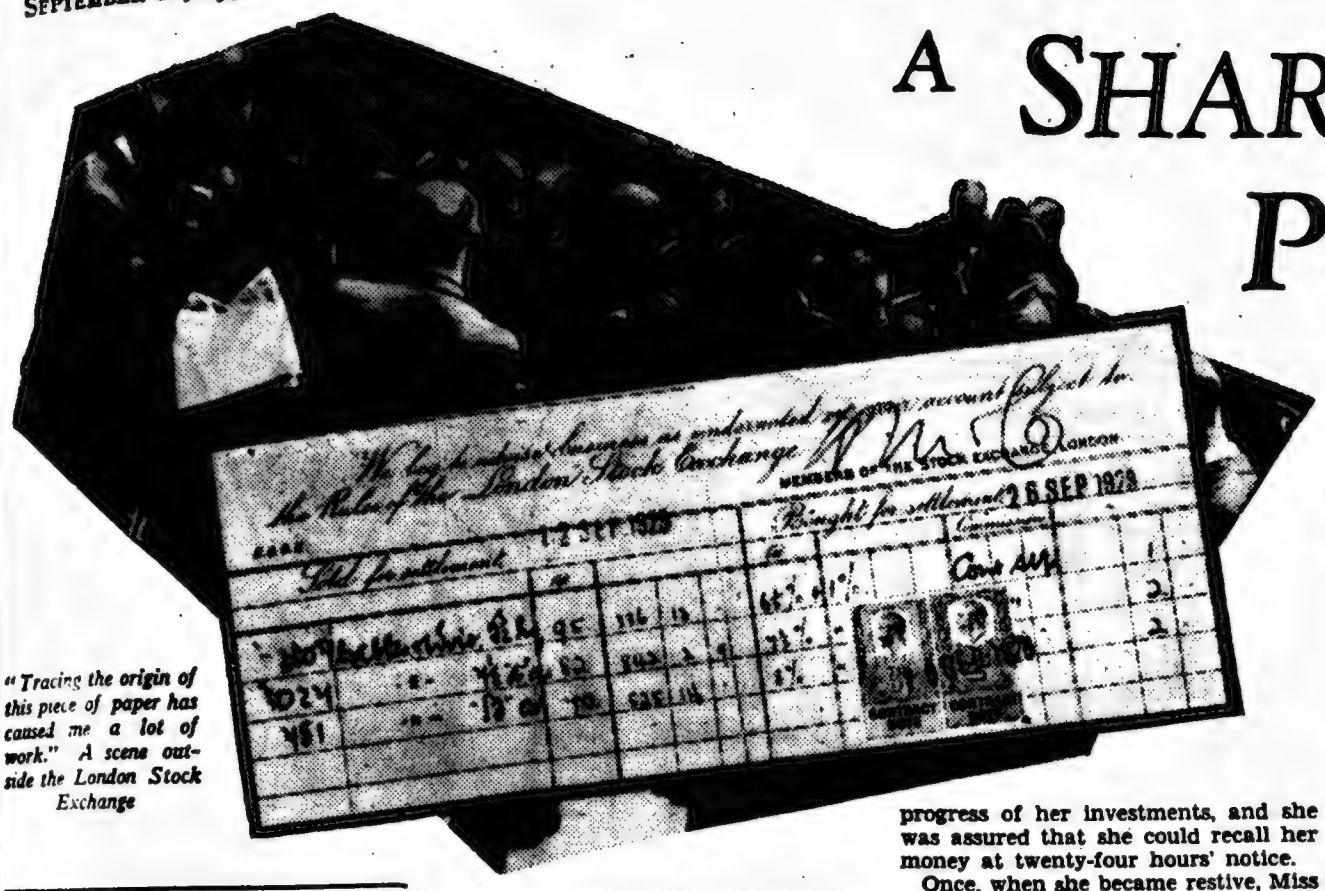
He produced a wad of papers which appeared to be Canadian currency notes and told the woman that they were worth £1,400.

The Westminster Bank in London did all his business, he said, but he didn't want to go specially to London to change the notes into cash. Meanwhile he asked the manageress to let him have a tenner to get on with.

The Canadian currency looked genuine enough, and a £10 note changed hands. Several other loans were negotiated in a similar way, and then the suave Sinclair went off to London to collect his £1,400.

He has never returned, and, in his absence, the Margate dupes have discovered that his entire story is false, and that the police are enquiring about him in other towns.

A SHARE-PUSHER IN SKIRTS



"Tracing the origin of this piece of paper has caused me a lot of work." A scene outside the London Stock Exchange

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS FROM MAJ.-GEN. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A FEW months ago, just before the fraudulent share-pushing campaign was effectively ended for the time being by the police, a remarkable piece of news reached me.

It was that the principals behind the big bucket-shops were training women to replace their men salesmen in the belief that the women would more effectively plunder elderly widows, retired Colonial servants and clergymen, who are the special victims of the share-bandit.

I confess I was amused when I heard this tit-bit. But I might not have regarded the possibilities of the innovation so lightly if I had been aware at the time of the abilities of Miss Edith Morgan Abbott.

Miss Abbott, who is thirty, came to London from Newport (Mon.), and comports herself in such a way as to typify the popular idea of the modern business woman.

She dresses plainly and severely, disdains the use of cosmetics, and emphasises a natural pallor by wearing glasses with thick lenses and the blackest and widest rims.

One day, in a bookshop at Hendon, she casually remarked to another customer, a widow who was a stranger to her, that she was disappointed in a search for a work on finance.

An "inside" story

The conversation thus started was carried on in the street, and they parted with an invitation to the widow from Miss Abbott to visit her at her flat in Hampstead and inspect her private library.

The call was duly paid, and the widow was received in a cosily-furnished bachelor-woman's suite.

Almost as an aside in the subsequent talk, Miss Abbott mentioned that she was private secretary to one of the best-known members of the London Stock Exchange.

Substantial though her salary was, she added, the greater part of her income was derived from investments which she made on "inside information" about the markets obtained from her chief.

Somewhat desolately, Miss Abbott also quietly remarked that she had only one real friend in London—a woman holding a high post in the dividends department of the Bank of England.

From her, the widow was told, Miss Abbott also learned other profitable secrets of the financial world.

For three months the meetings went on. Then, when the web had been spun, the fly was enticed to enter.

It was suggested to the widow by Miss Abbott that she should join with her in some safe speculation which would yield a weekly profit of £2 10s.

So the widow realised Bengal insurance stock with a par value of £1,000, and gave the proceeds to the lady from the Stock Exchange.

All kinds of explanations were given for a time regarding the strength and progress of her investments, and she was assured that she could recall her money at twenty-four hours' notice.

Once, when she became restive, Miss Abbott pacified her by handing over what she said was a share-certificate.

I have this document before me. It is only a mutilated contract-note, with the name of the brokers torn off.

The tracing of the origin of this piece of paper has caused me a lot of work. But I have discovered that it emanated two years ago from the offices of a firm of stockbrokers which is now defunct, and relates to a share transaction with someone who certainly was not Miss Abbott.

Believing, however, that she held a genuine certificate of first-class stock, the widow listened again to the blandishments of Miss Abbott.

Then she surrendered to her for sale a packet of securities in a Honolulu corporation. These, I find, were sold through a New York bank in London.

When the widow next called at the beautiful Hampstead flat she found that Miss Abbott had flown.

As a souvenir of her "investments" the widow has been left with only the torn and worthless fragment of paper to which I have referred.

While the widow was being so shamefully deceived, Miss Abbott was in touch with a Leicester man who has retired from the Indian railway service.

Hearing that he proposed to move to London and commence business there, she told him similar stories about the Stock Exchange and the Bank of England, and assured him that her sources of information were so reliable that he would quickly double his capital.

He wanted proof—

As a start, she took £200 from him and began to pay him interest at the rate of nearly 70 per cent.

Thus winning his confidence, she extracted a further £84 from him, and next took £285 on the plea that her firm on the Stock Exchange was demanding double cover from all clients.

Then she asked for and obtained £750 as a supposed share in a deal of £5,000.

Soon the man in Leicester, having parted with all he possessed and not having received a share-certificate of any kind, asked Miss Abbott to consider his position and give him some proof of his investments.

Thereupon she became indignant about reflections on her honesty, and impudently informed her victim that he was actually in her debt because the value of the securities had fallen tremendously and she had been compelled to provide the necessary cover.

When confronted with this kind of nonsense he instructed his solicitors in London to obtain explanations. They made numerous appointments with Miss Abbott, but not once would she put in an appearance.

The crisis had come, and she hurriedly departed, taking the contents of the beautiful flat with her.

Joan walks out

While all this was in progress, a woman named Joan Dorothy Grieg, described as a teacher of music and elocution, was conducting a credit drapery business from an address in Edgware Road, London. It collapsed under an assault by creditors, and Joan Grieg was put in bankruptcy.

Her address was also that of the superbly-equipped flat in Hampstead, and when an inspector of the Official Receiver's Department called there he was met by Miss Abbott.

She explained that Miss Grieg was merely a sub-tenant and owned none of the furniture in the suite.

When due to attend at the Bankruptcy Court for her public examination, Miss Grieg failed to appear.

An official search is now being made for her, and numerous creditors, including firms which so handsomely furnished the flat, are awaiting the result.

* * *

Edith Abbott and Joan Grieg are one and the same.

ENTER—The Arch-Priest of Spoof

THOUGH not heralded by the beatings of drums, the fanfare of trumpets, or the trappings of official welcomes, there recently arrived on these shores a man of tremendous moment.

He is none other than the Rev. Doctor Otoman Zar-Adusht Ha'nish, International Elector of the Great Mazdaznan Association, World-Renowned Reformer, Philosopher, Physician and Scientist.

It is surprising that a man of such eminence should have been allowed to slip in unnoticed.

The Rev. Doctor, however, has hastened to rectify our oversight, and is now thrusting himself on the public through the medium of handbills.

"A special invitation and rare opportunity is given to everyone to hear" him at a public meeting in London, and later this rare opportunity will be extended to the fortunate inhabitants of Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds. Admission is free—*though there will be silver collections.*

For a mere threepenny bit, therefore, you may "acquaint yourself with the world's greatest movement exercising influence over Art, Literature, Education, Pulpit, Stage and Thought."

If you attend any of these meetings you will doubtless be urged to become a member of the British Mazdaznan Association—*for a fee.*

What the Rev. Doctor Otoman Zar-Adusht Ha'nish, World-Renowned Reformer, etc., etc., does not tell is that he has been the recipient of official hospitality in his native country—a six months' sentence in the United States of America.

Just prior to that he was amassing a tidy sum of money from the credulous who sought eternal youth.

Unfortunately, he also included in his activities the publication of "Inner Studies," which treated of soul-mating, magnetic attraction, and the other complexities of "occult love." Thus it was that he came into conflict with the law.

About this time the Rev. Doctor Otoman, etc., etc., was describing himself among other things as a "Persian Magi of Royal Descent."

Actually he is the son of a German-American grocer, and was born not in the mysterious East, but in the prosaic surroundings of a small country town in Illinois, U.S.A.

* * *

When he was last here he was magnificent in the profuse trappings of his Mazdaznan cult, of which he has been at times Royal Master, Prophet of the Sun God, Manthra Magi of Temple El Katman, Viceroy-Elect and International Head of Master-Thot.

There seems little reason why the Home Office should prolong his stay in this country unduly.

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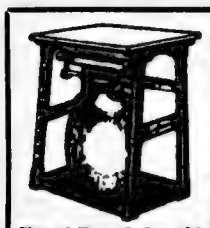

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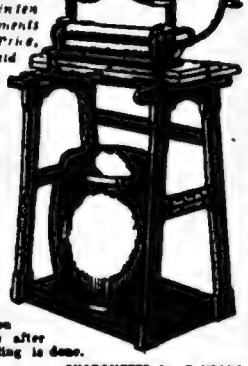

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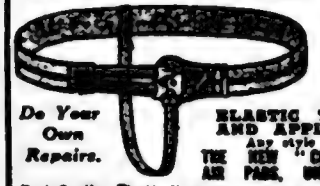

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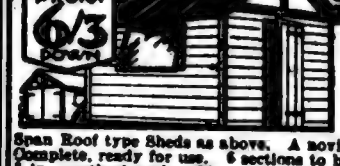

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Mrs. Housewife, do not buy your new floor-covering until you have seen the NEW BOOK OF CATESBYS CORK LINO PATTERNS. The world's best floor-covering that needs no scrubbing. Postcard gets coloured design book, prices, and samples free if you mention Dept. No. K.19.

CATESBYS Ltd. (K19), LONDON, W.1

Did they grow pale when the pink sheets appeared?

A Stable Secret TWISTER

Bucket-Shop BY-THE-SEA

BOOKMAKERS may have quivered with apprehension during the past few days, when the sporting centres of the country were drenched in bright pink. For this pinkiness spelt their financial doom.

It is the colour of a new weekly sporting journal named *Sporting Chance*, which boasts extraordinary facilities for providing the betting public with ready-made winners on the Turf.

It will, in fact, name successful horses in advance by arrangement with the owners and trainers concerned.

Whatever the bookmakers may think of this threat to their livelihood, we have reason to be interested in this publication for other reasons.

It is owned and issued, according to its imprint, by the Brighton Press, of Stoke Newington Road, London, N.

No such business or company is officially registered, and the whole affair is bogus.

Sporting Chance intends to induce the public to part with money regularly to it under a scheme for a service of telegraphed information.

It is stated that the proprietors of the journal have made arrangements to participate in the ventures of a few well-known stables which lay themselves out for coups.

We stamp this without hesitation as a fraudulent lie.

A *real "cert"*

Again, the public is invited to send more money for the name of a horse which is considered by its connections to be the "biggest" certainty of the year, and for which *Sporting Chance* has arranged to execute the betting commission.

This also is a false pretence.

Such misrepresentation and roguery is only to be expected, however, from the owner of *Sporting Chance*, who, we find, is an individual named Stanley Chambers.

It is a long time since we became aware of this man's trickery and had reason to criticise his impudent operations.

During the past month Chambers has put himself in touch, through newspaper advertisements, with between six hundred and seven hundred people all over Britain.

He has offered them opportunities to earn £3 weekly for two and a half days' work by acting as local agents for him.

But he requires a cash deposit of £10 from each of them.

This is a revival of a game which Chambers began playing seven years ago, and which has had costly consequences for his dupes.

At that time he was also engaged in the mission of beggaring and bankrupting bookmakers, but the only people who suffered financially were those who bought "employment" from him and the foolish backers who sent him money for his inside information.

Once, also, he took into partnership with him a printer in a small way of business, and in a short time made him poorer by about £500.

The cringer

Notwithstanding the superb information about racing certainties which he was selling to the public and victimising people to distribute for him, Stanley Chambers was at the same time borrowing money to pay his rates and even cadging for boots and clothing.

This rascal whines when it suits him. To one man he had fleeced he wrote that, "although it was God's will I should suffer for my folly, it was a blessing in disguise, as it has taught me my faults."

Judged by Chambers' present activities, the lesson was not an enduring one.

A number of landlords in the Stoke Newington district would like to discuss with Chambers the question of rents owing.

Only the other day he gave a worthless cheque for £5 to his present landlord.

This, then, is the man who is offering employment on a large scale at £10 a time, and who is inviting the public to buy from him the confidences of well-known racing-stables which entrust him with their betting commissions.

What Happened to Dulcie?

What happened to Dulcie when the "Infernal Triangle" had her in its clutches? Let humorist Ashley Sterne tell you in "The Mystery of the Infernal Triangle."

You can rely on a merry time if you settle down with a copy of JOHN BULL'S *Summer Holiday Annual*. Put sixpence in the Bank of Happiness to-day and pick up a big dividend of fun.

Harrods' chairman, Sir Woodman Burbidge, C.B.E., would condemn Fraser's methods

THE operations of a very busy firm of "stock and share dealers," named Gordon Fraser and Company, of 160, Terminus Road, Eastbourne, call for immediate publicity.

Various readers have supplied us with different sets of literature which, issued recently from the Eastbourne address, urges people in all parts of the country to forward to Gordon Fraser and Co. certain private particulars concerning their holdings in various companies.

The manner in which this printed matter is worded conveys to the recipients the impression that behind Gordon Fraser and Co. is a financial wizard who employs a trained and expert staff to collect secret data regarding all classes of gilt-edged securities.

"One does not go to a lawyer for instruction on military matters," the script reads, "nor to a butcher for a suit of clothes. . . . Our customers and correspondents are privileged to enjoy the expert advice of a trained staff."

Expert!

It all sounds very promising, but the fact remains that the only financial "expert" behind this Eastbourne concern is Gordon Fraser himself, who, despite the impressive literature he issues, is not a member of the Stock Exchange, while nothing is known to his credit in genuine financial circles.

Through circulars issued independently, Fraser seeks to raise loans of from £50 to £500, in return for which he is prepared to give as security documents he calls "8 per cent. participating certificates of deposit." These are to be repayable at three months' notice.

Those without available cash are invited by the accommodating Fraser to forward their market securities instead.

In his enthusiasm Fraser omits to mention—even vaguely—what security he is able to give for the safety of money invested in his schemes. Here is a point on which the public would be well advised to exercise the utmost caution.

One circular issued by Fraser reveals his astounding impudence: It contains an offer for the sale of 7,000 shares in Messrs. Pinchin, Johnson and Co., Ltd., at 23s. 6d. each, free of brokerage.

Chance he missed!

That this is a truly remarkable offer will be evident when we say that these shares cannot be purchased under 24s. each on the Stock Exchange.

One of the directors of this well-known company was so annoyed about these widely distributed circulars that he telephoned to Gordon Fraser and Co. from his private address and offered to buy the whole of the 7,000 shares subject to the transaction being made through his bank.

But, curiously enough, Fraser would not sell!

Fraser's magic powers concerning share bargains have not been confined to those of Pinchin, Johnson and Co., Ltd., and past circulars have referred in bombastic terms to the shares of such well-known organisations as Ashanti Goldfields, Harrods, and the General Electric Corporation, Ltd.

Another aspect of Gordon Fraser's strange methods is provided by a Brighton reader, who responded to an advertisement in a Sussex newspaper in June last, and was later interviewed at the company's Eastbourne headquarters.

A waiting job

Asked if he knew anything about the selling of stocks and shares, the applicant frankly admitted that he did not.

Nevertheless, he was engaged at a salary of £4 a week.

In the course of the next week or two he supplied his employers with fifty or more names and addresses of possible clients, each of whom he had previously approached.

One was a personal friend, who subsequently sent money to Fraser for the purchase of shares which he has since found it difficult to obtain.

For the first few weeks the Brighton salesman received his salary by cheque, but at the end of a month the payment ceased.

To-day this reader is pursuing a claim against Gordon Fraser and Co. for arrears of salary and costs, while, to make matters worse, his insurance card was not stamped.

Apart from that, there is one particular client of this concern who, for nearly two years, has been unsuccessfully attempting to obtain a sum of more than £100 due to him from Fraser.

In the light of these facts, readers will be well advised to drop the unsolicited literature of Gordon Fraser and Co. into the waste-paper basket.

FAMOUS HAIR SPECIALIST'S FRIENDLY CHALLENGE TO READERS OF "JOHN BULL"

MR. FREDERICK GODFREY

whose interesting and important challenge is published to-day, is the famous Hair Specialist whose Tonic Cream Shampoo "FOLLEX," in tiny tubes, has created such an immediate revolution in Shampoos.

Though only placed on the market quite recently, already Boots, Timothy White's, Taylor's Drug Stores, Needham's, Squire's and all High-class Chemists and Hairdressers are experiencing an unprecedented demand for the 3d. single shampoo and the 1s. tubes of five, not only from ladies but also from men because of its well sustained claim "Half the Trouble and Double the Benefit to the Hair."

If you desire to experience a luxury Shampoo which will also do your hair real good, you can either buy a 3d. or 1s. "FOLLEX" to-day from your Chemist, or you can secure a 1s. tube of five "FOLLEX" shampoos by sending P.O. 1s. direct to Frederick Godfrey (Wholesale), Matlock, Derbyshire. Or, if you are sending for the FREE sample of Renew Hair Tonic on the form at foot of this announcement, you can, by sending an extra 3d. in stamps, have a 3d. "FOLLEX" direct Post FREE.

NOTE.—If your Hair is deficient in quantity or quality, you should send at once, on the form below, for FREE TRIAL supply of RENEW HAIR TONIC. Mr. F. Godfrey claims that you cannot fail to secure benefit.

Mr. Frederick Godfrey says:

"I defy any man or woman to use the Trial Bottle of my New Hair Tonic (which I shall send them Free of Charge by their forwarding the form below) without receiving some benefit to their Hair or Scalp."

"I know this is a strong claim to make but I base my assertion upon accomplished facts in the cases of some 500,000 men and women to whom I have already brought Hair and Scalp benefits by means of my simple but scientific Renew Hair Method."

"Some were quite Bald—others partially so—some quite Grey, others just beginning to lose colour. Many had slight hair defects which would have ended in Baldness or Greyness. Now they have splendid healthy heads of hair as the result of making a trial of my Renew Hair Method."

"My offer of Free Trial Supply of Renew Hair Tonic is open to all who are Bald, Grey, or who are troubled with Dry Brittle Hair, Greasy Scalp, Fading or Scanty Hair, Lack of Lustre, Patchy Baldness, or any Hair defect whatsoever."

Thus spoke Mr. Frederick Godfrey adding, "I firmly believe that the best way to back up my claim is to **prove** it to every man or woman seeking Hair Betterment—and there are surely very few nowadays who would not be delighted to secure either more hair or healthier hair—by giving a **Trial Free of Charge** to each. Afterwards, if those who make a trial like to go on with my hair preparations, they can do so at a cost within the reach of even the most modest purse, but first I follow the good old principle of **'Try before you Buy.'**

"I do not even ask people to **'Try'** on my recommendation alone, but say to one and all—**read what others report after making a similar test. Then post the form below and see what I can do for YOUR hair.**"

QUITE BALD. NEW HAIR IN FEW WEEKS

MR. E. GREGORY.

"I, Ernest Gregory, of 13, Chilcompton Road, Midsomer Norton, Bath, Somerset, do solemnly and sincerely declare that in June of this year I was bald all over my head. I consulted Mr. Frederick Godfrey, Hair Specialist, of Whatstandwell, Matlock, and by virtue of his advice and Treatment my hair has been fully restored."—ERNEST GREGORY. October 23, 1930.

Chalvey, Slough, Bucks.

September 25, 1930.

"Dear Sir,—My hair is growing lovely, it is black and curly on top, but it is a little grey at the side, but I am quite satisfied, as I was quite bald weeks ago.

"The doctors were surprised to see how it had grown."—(Mrs.) F. WILLIS.

MRS. F. WILLIS.

ALL-ROUND HAIR BETTERMENT

MRS. E. N. S.

"You can see for yourself the wonderful progress your treatment has made. I must bless the day I wrote to you for slowly but surely I have grown a beautiful head of hair which is admired by everybody."—Mrs. E. N. S.

"My hair has gone fearfully thin, and I didn't think it would do any good. Now it's really lovely and curly, too. People remark about my lovely head of hair."—Miss S.

"Before I commenced using your Pomade I was practically bald, and you will see it has given me wonderful results. New hair is appearing all over the scalp."—Mr. J. S.

MR. J. S.

ORIGINAL COLOUR RESTORED TO GREY HAIR

MR. B. L.

Werneth, Oldham.

"I am very pleased and highly satisfied with the treatment you have sent me. My hair is now normal again, and it is my wish that thousands will take advantage of your discovery. The Colour is also restored."—B. L.

"My hair was grey, dry and brittle, also falling out. I now have lovely dark, soft hair with a beautiful lustre, full of life. I can comb it from top to bottom without any hair falling out."—Mrs. J. F.

"I am writing to say my hair has improved very much."—Miss D. K.

MISS D. K.

CONDITION—GROWTH—COLOUR—ALL IMPROVED

MRS. B.

"Although it is twelve months since I was using your treatment I am pleased to say my hair has wonderfully improved and much thicker, also to say I've recommended it to my friends, so am writing on their behalf as well for a trial of RENU-HAIR, as my friend is quite bald on the top of the head, hoping it will do as much good for my friend as it did for me, as I cannot speak too highly of your treatment."—Mrs. B.

"I am following out your treatment and having splendid results. My hair is in wonderful condition and much better in colour. I am surprised at the new hair growing at a tremendous rate, and I am ever so pleased to be able to report to you on the improvement in so short a time."—Mr. C. B.

MR. C. B.

FREE BY POSTING THIS FORM Trial Bottle of Renew Hair Tonic, Fully Illustrated explanatory Booklet. Letter of advice on Your Hair Trouble.

To F. GODFREY (J.B. Special Offer Dept.). Whatstandwell, Matlock, Derbyshire.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS. Not ordinary writing).

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MY HAIR AILMENT IS:—

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I enclose two 1½d. stamps (value 3d.) towards cost of postage and packing.

NOTE.—If a 3d. tube of Follex Shampoo is also required, enclose 3d. extra in stamps, making 6d. in all, and place X in this square. *John Bull*, 12 9 31. ☐

"He Never Guessed the Secret!"

"You remember how worried I was because John seemed to be taking so much interest in that blonde? You were a true friend to tell me that it was probably because I was neglecting my complexion. Well I took your advice and started using powder with mousse of cream in it. That's only a week ago and last night John looked at me with that expression I had been missing—and said 'I'm so glad you've stopped using powder. Your own complexion is so beautiful without it.' He never realised that I had on this marvellous new powder! Then, he said that he had been annoyed because I used powder so frequently. He doesn't know that the reason I don't have to any more is because mousse of cream keeps the powder on all day long! And the ugly enlarged pores I used to have are all gone because mousse of cream prevents clogging and even acts as a skin tonic that stimulates the pores. I can't thank you enough for the secret—but don't ever give it to my rival!"

Note. Mousse of cream is blended by an exclusive patented process with Poudre Tokalon. Any woman may now have amazing new fresh beauty in spite of the worst cases of "shine." Try Poudre Tokalon and you will never need change powders again. The new Rachette shade (Dark Rachel) is specially prepared for sun-tanned skins and pronounced brunette complexions.

BENEFIT AFTER OPERATION—

Mrs. BRADBURN, 22, Granville Terrace, Tanshelf Drive, Pontefract, writes: "Fourteen years ago I had a serious operation. Nothing seemed to do me any good until I was advised to take Vitadatio. I could not do anything for myself before I started taking it, and now I am better than I ever was. My daughter never seemed to look up after confinement until I asked her to take Vitadatio, and it put her on her feet. I strongly recommend it."

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Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites' and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Gt. Britain only. Special size (just free from) containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, Free

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Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing.

4/6 a tin at all chemists.

Himrod's ASTHMA CURE

THE COUNCIL HOUSE SCANDAL

The slums flourish while these middle-class draw the "rent dole"

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

A TREMENDOUS fluttering of the dovecotes has just been caused in Burton-on-Trent by a decision of the Corporation to raise the rent, water-rate and assessment of its council houses.

A meeting of tenants has roundly declared that this increase in charges will "seriously aggravate the slum problem by crowding these people into rooms once more owing to their inability to meet the new obligations."

That is as it may be. Not being in intimate touch with housing conditions in Burton-on-Trent, I am not in a position to discuss that problem.

But knowing a good deal about conditions in certain other districts, I am more than a little sceptical whether the provision of municipal houses—houses heavily subsidised by the taxpayer and the ratepayer—have really met the problem they were designed to solve.

The blunt, unvarnished truth is that practically one person out of every ten is living in a house which has been subsidised in one form or another out of public funds.

Municipal housing, sound though it may be in theory, has become in practice merely part of the gigantic policy of spoonfeeding able-bodied citizens that has brought the nation to the edge of a financial abyss.

Awkward question

Since the war we have built 1,500,000 houses. It sounds colossal, but before we start throwing up our hats let us enquire just what it means.

What it ought to mean is that we have made big inroads on the slums that reek and fester in every town and city in the land. But does it?

It is true that out of this enormous number of houses, 800,000 are "council houses"—but who are living in them?

As it is acknowledged that since the war only 30,000 genuine slum-dwellers have been rehoused in better conditions, this question takes some answering—particularly in view of the fact that in Greater London alone there are 350,000 people living in subsidised houses.

The only possible conclusion is that in the majority of cases the tenants are those who are content to accept an indirect "dole" in the form of an uneconomic rent.

These people could quite well afford to pay a proper rent for their houses and leave the council houses for those unfortunates for whom they were always intended.

It is no light matter. Many of these people have been tenants in such houses for ten years—and this means that any number of them have been given the equivalent of £500 in that period from public funds, since the loss on many of these houses is nearly £1 a week

If you think I am exaggerating the position, I should like you to ask anyone in your district who is conversant with the facts whether or not I am right.

Usurpers

There is one case where both the medical officer of health and the town clerk of the district are living in council houses—getting the benefit of a subsidy never meant for them.

There are any number of cases, well known to those who have investigated the position, of people whose income is anything from £300 to £500 a year living in municipal houses, though they could well afford to live in other and slightly dearer ones.

I wonder if it ever occurs to them that they are getting a weekly present of anything from 5s. to £1 a week from their fellow-citizens?

So great is this evil that one authority recently estimated that at a modest computation there are 100,000 tenants of municipal houses who might be given notice to seek other accommodation without any hardship being caused to anyone.

"Such a step might not be popular," he said. "No one likes to be disturbed. But it would, apart from tending to relieve the slum problem without any further legislation, put a stop to the present tendency to create a privileged class of municipal tenants who are increasingly tempted to use their votes at the expense of other less privileged members of the community."

For it is obvious that these middle-class "dole-drawers"—they may not like the description, but isn't it true?—are going to vote every time for municipal candidates who will promise to maintain them in their extraordinarily favoured position.

If we are not yet in sight of corruption creeping into our municipal politics we are not very far from it.

Let me give you a concrete instance. In Manchester, the charge on the rates for building subsidies is just over 4d. The result is that the Manchester slum-dwellers are making a weekly present to those who are fortunate enough to get municipal houses to live in.

Hut homes

There is, of course, another side to the question. The slum-dwellers are not being rehoused because no one seems able to build houses that they can afford to rent, nor houses in places where they can live and yet get to and from their work because of impossible expense.

I know intimately one of the very worst slum areas in South-East London. It is nothing more than a collection of dilapidated and broken-down Army huts in which a number of families are living.

They are the families of labourers, earning from 30s. to 35s. a week. They have all been offered new houses—but the new houses would cost them 19s. a week in rent, and they are fifteen miles away.

What can these poor people do? They are forced to stop and rot in the slums while the new houses intended for them are occupied by clerks and professional men who have no more right to the public subsidy than I.

Only a few days ago I was in Manchester. I was taken to see some new municipal houses that were being built. The idea, of course, is to relieve the congestion in some of Manchester's slum areas.

One of these new estates is six miles from the centre of the city. The cheapest house will be 13s. a week, to which would have to be added another 6s a week for travelling expenses. How is that going to help the slum-dweller?

There is another estate in the same city. It is nearer the centre of things than the first one; it is only fair to say that. But the cheapest house on it is 15s. a week, and with the addition of fares 17s. a week would be required before a pennyworth of food, clothing or fuel could be thought of.

The real culprits

It is obvious that all the tenants of those houses are going to be middle-class "dole-drawers."

Now, I am not blaming these tenants overmuch. The people who are to blame are those who for years have poured out public money unceasingly without taking any trouble to see that real value was being obtained.

We have had any number of Housing Acts, we have spent millions of public money, and as far as the slum-dwellers and the lower-paid workers are concerned all our housing campaigns have been almost complete failures.

We have had more than enough of Royal Commissions and Committees of Enquiry of late years, but despite them all I think there is room for one more.

The time is long overdue for an enquiry into the great subsidy ramp, which is producing abuses every bit as serious as the dole.

Since we have been repeatedly told by one Minister of Health after another that houses built with the assistance of public money ought to be let at rents of something like 7s. 6d. a week, we might enquire why they are let at double and treble that figure.

For it is a national scandal of the first magnitude that in thirteen years we have failed to touch even the fringe of the problem of the slums.

The Human Machine

BOSS—or *Slave?*

DO you control your brain, or does it control you? Are you master or slave? Don't toss this aside and dismiss it as an idle guess, for it is anything but that.

On the answer, indeed, depends whether you are the efficient, thinking, driving force that a man should be, or whether you are merely a human being immersed in the purposeless task of existing. For there is all the difference in the world between existence and life.

The late Arnold Bennett once put it crisply in a book he wrote many years ago. "I conceive the brain of the average, well-intentioned man," he said, "as possessing the tricks and manner of one of those gentlemen-at-large who, having nothing very urgent to do, stroll along and offer their services gratis to some shorthanded work of philanthropy.

"They will commonly demoralise and disorganise the business conduct of an affair in about a fortnight. They come when they like; they go when they like. Sometimes they are exceedingly industrious and obedient, but there is always an even chance that they will shirk and follow their own sweet will.

"And they mustn't be spoken to and pulled up—for have they not kindly volunteered, and are they not giving their days for naught?"

Those of us who have sufficient honesty will be bound to admit that this description applies to nine out of every ten. We forget or ignore the fact that our brain is a machine to work as we direct, to do what we want, to function as we desire.

We allow it to forget, to ignore, to slack, to rebel. It's a weak sort of attitude to adopt.

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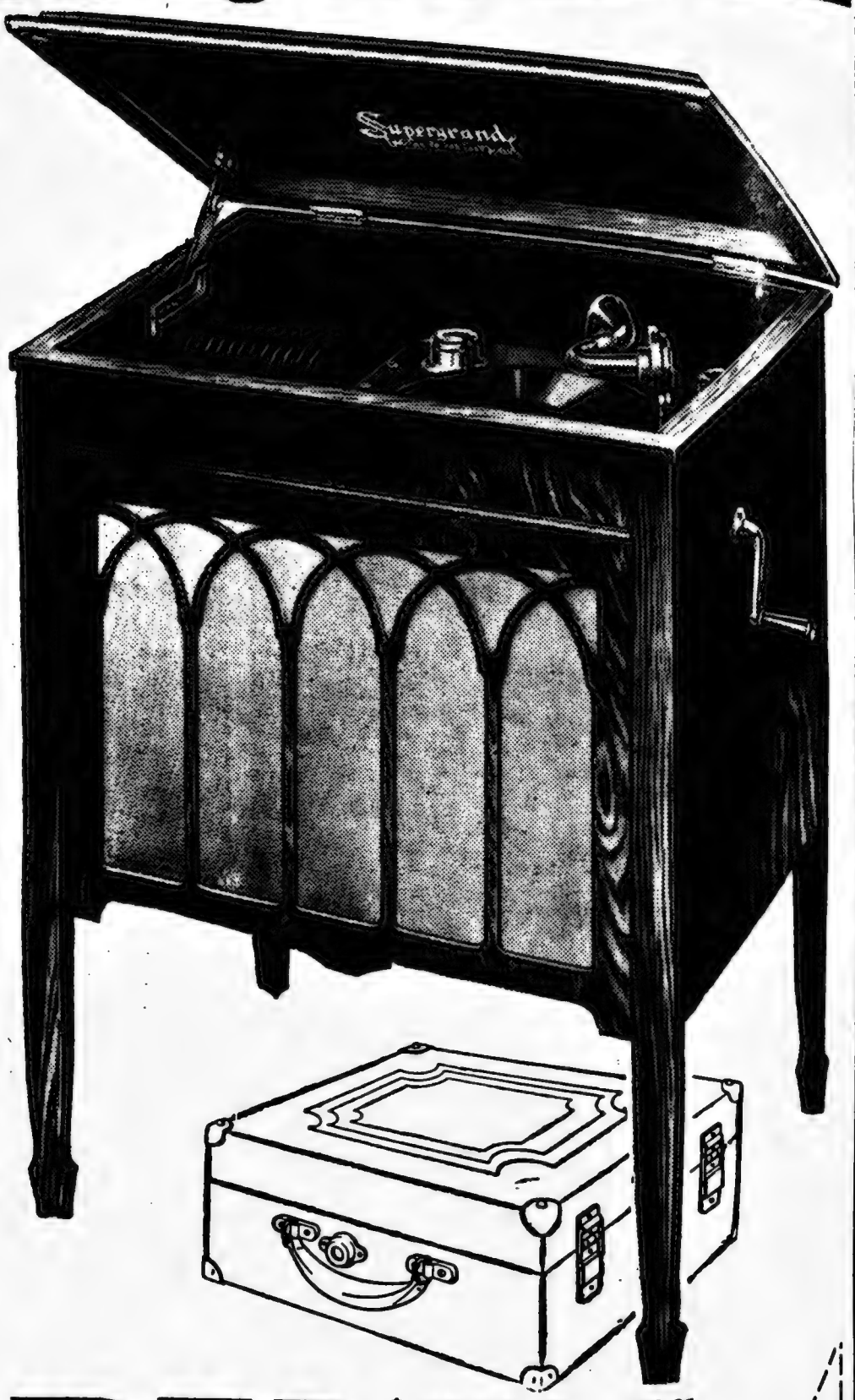
Supergrand

BRITISH TO THE LAST SCREW

WITH THE FAMOUS 5 YEAR GUARANTEE "COLLARO" MOTOR



NOTE.—In earlier announcements this cabinet gramophone has been called the "Sonatone." We find, however, that this name conflicts with a similar trademark, so it has been voluntarily changed to "Supergrand." Only the name is changed—the offer remains exactly as hitherto.

Staggering value! All other coupon standards *swamped* by this astounding gift. A "Supergrand" 7 gn. Gramophone. The largest, greatest and most handsome gift ever offered. Change to-day to B.D.V. and it will be in your home in a few weeks.

The "Supergrand" A magnificent cabinet gramophone! 33⅓% larger than other Gift Gramophones advertised in the press! A most handsome piece of furniture. Worth £7 : 7 : 0. In beautiful oak or mahogany finish. FIVE space fret front. Woven gold-gauze panels. Automatic lid stay. All British, including "Collaro" motor, guaranteed for 5 years. See it against a standard portable! Its superiority of tone and volume are as great as the difference in dimensions! Swan-neck tone arm, highly polished nickel-plated, on brass. Metal diaphragm soundbox. Compartment to take 36 of your own records. Raised needle bowls, heavily plated—gilt and polished inside. The finest value ever offered by a Gift Cigarette.

Unless otherwise specified oak finish will be delivered.

500 COUPONS....

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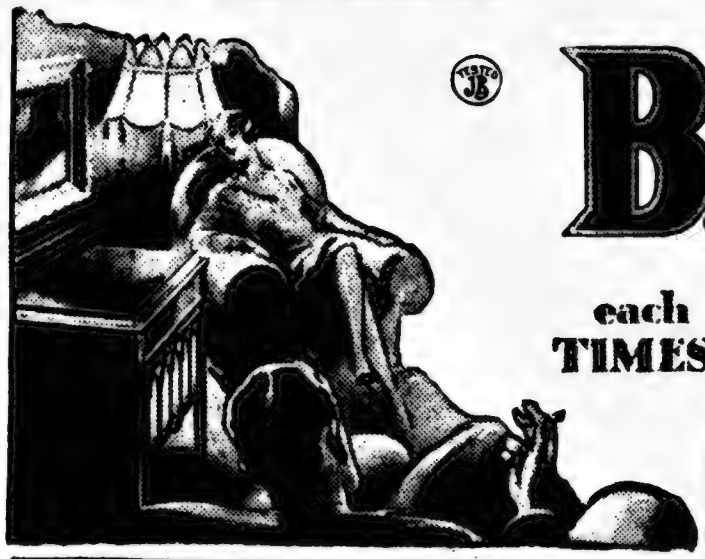

B.D.V

CIGARETTES

each Coupon worth 3 TIMES other coupon values

10 for 6d 20 for 11½d

* COMPARISON OF "Supergrand" WITH A PORTABLE

In size, in volume, in purity, in beauty, in value — *many times* greater than a standard portable.

SIZE OF "Supergrand"

24 inches WIDE
32 inches HIGH
18 inches DEEP

33⅓% *larger than other Gift Gramophones advertised in the press.*

KOLSTER — BRANDES WIRELESS "MASTERPIECE"

The wonder 2-valve Set that set the New Standard.

Thousands available. 500 COUPONS

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Please send me a copy of the amazing B.D.V. Golden Gift Book, in full colour, with 5 free coupons, showing 275 trade-value gifts.

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EVEN LESS COUPONS REQUIRED FROM B.D.V. TOBACCO — EACH TOBACCO COUPON BEING WORTH 1¼ CIGARETTE COUPONS

Without Fear or Favour

SOME weeks ago, shortly before the new National Government was formed, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in a message to the Press, urged the people to "keep calm."

He meant well, but his advice was never necessary. We were keeping calm. We were perhaps keeping *too* calm.

But the creation of a crisis atmosphere by Finance at home and abroad, for reasons some hold to be sound and some purely selfish, has done much to obscure facts, darken counsel, and produce precipitate action.

To-day we have a message for our readers. We urge them not to keep calm, but to keep cheerful; not to economise like misers, but to use their money like sane men.

False economy, which leads to the stopping of essential and necessary progress in business, can do nothing but harm.

The clear duty of every loyal man and woman to-day is to fight the pessimists, to have faith in the country, and to carry on their normal work, not only in a steadfast, but even in an enterprising, spirit.

There is, of course, a vast difference between confidence and the shallow optimism of the ostrich, which, burying its head in the sand, refuses to believe in any danger which it cannot see.

JOHN BULL has made no attempt to camouflage the gravity of the situation. Some time before the words "crisis" and "emergency" began to be heard on every side, our distinguished contributor, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, wrote a powerful article warning the public of the nation's economic peril.

Taking the Jeremiahs in hand!

Our appeal

HE was one of the first notable writers to foresee a "National Government" or an "emergency coalition"—whichever you choose to call it—and, in his article to-day, he makes it very clear that the critical situation still exists and must continue until we have shown the world how we intend to balance our Budget.

Whether or not Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden and Mr. Thomas did the right thing in breaking with their Party is a matter of opinion.

Whether or not the proposals which the new Cabinet is submitting to Parliament are the fairest and most effective which can be devised is again the subject of acute controversy.

We shall not attempt to engage in this controversy here. Our appeal is addressed in this instance not to the politicians, but rather to the local authorities, to the business men and to the workers, who, approving or disapproving, "liking it or lumping it," are for the time being powerless to interfere with the decisions which Parliament must take.

We appeal not only to their patriotism, but also to their common-sense. Britain is certainly in a tight corner financially, but so is the rest of the world.

Here are a few facts which every level-headed man and woman ought to bear in mind:

The savings of small British investors in building societies, savings-banks, saving certificates, insurances and the like have been recently estimated at a total of more than £2,500,000,000, and these savings are increasing at the rate of £110,000,000 to £130,000,000 a year.

British investments abroad are substantially in excess of those of any other country, and, even allowing for exceptional depreciation, their value exceeds £2,500,000,000.

We have withstood the world depression better than any other country. Although our exports have declined, the total for January to April this year was £104,345,000, compared with American exports during the same period of £101,102,000.

Although the decline in British exports compared with the same period of last year was 37.6 per cent., the American decline was 38.2 per cent.

Reassuring figures

STATISTICS compiled by the Westminster Bank show that, although the decline in production of representative groups of British industries during the slump equalled 7.6 per cent. in Great Britain, in Germany it had totalled 15.7 per cent. and in the United States nearly 19 per cent.

The decline in railway freight traffic—which gives valuable direct indication of trade activities—was in Great Britain under 6 per cent. last year, while in America it was 13.8 per cent., and in Germany 20.6 per cent.

The MacMillan Committee's report pointed out that, despite the reduction in the quantity of our exports, the fact that we are paying less for our imports has actually meant an improvement in our visible trade position.

And the report concluded: "The underlying financial facts of Britain's situation are more favourable than has been supposed, and Great Britain's position as a creditor country remains immensely strong.

In brief, though we are embarrassed to meet immediate liabilities, we are still among the richest people in the world.

We have been lending too riskily and in some directions spending too much, but our resources are great, and, with a Budget balanced with fairness, we can certainly retain the world's confidence.

Confidence, however, must begin at home. Unless we believe in ourselves, how can we expect others to believe in us?

Cowards

Last week we drew attention to the cowardice of a few unpatriotic people, who have been selling British securities in order to reinvest their money abroad.

Such people are happily not very numerous. We can dismiss them with the comment that, if there were more of them, their idiotic panic would help to precipitate the very catastrophe they fear.

Most investors, big and small, are confident enough and loyal enough to keep their money in the country. But we want something more than passive confidence. We want active enterprise. We want a willingness on the part of the banks to put money into British industries.

We want a readiness on the part of industry, particularly the old basic export trades, to set their house in order by adopting efficiency as their motto.

It is unwise and unpatriotic to hold up reasonable improvements or extensions or any form of sound new enterprise which was contemplated before "the crisis."

It is an utterly mistaken policy to cut wages, or reduce staff, or close down branches or departments, unless and until every other possible expedient, and there are many, has been tried.

The only way

WE particularly deplore the tendency of certain local authorities to cut expenses on useful public works and undertakings without regard to the additional unemployment which such cuts must entail.

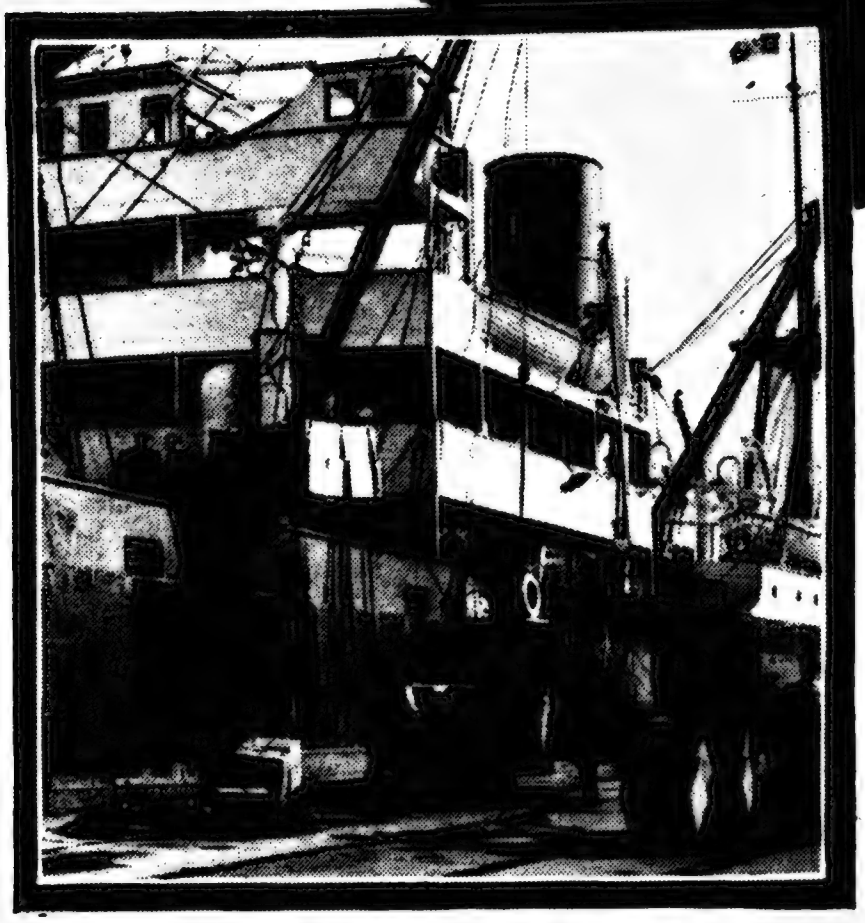
There is only one way to regain prosperity and that is to revive trade and to stimulate industry.

Economy which merely takes the form of idle money, idle machinery, and stagnant enterprise is worse than useless; it is positively damaging because it is the outward and obvious sign of shaken confidence.

A KICK for the CROAKERS

WHEN 13 WILL BE LUCK

In the office—their job is simplified



Keeping a tag on the big ships of commerce—the new calendar brings truer import and export trade returns

"Archaic and confusing"—shall we tear it off?

ON October 12 at Geneva the representatives of sixty nations will assemble to tackle in deadly earnest *a complete change in the world's calendar.*

Their object is not to add a mere extra hour to the summer months, but to *add a whole new month to the year!*

They will do it by splitting the year up into equal months of twenty-eight days. The odd day is to be called Year Day, and will come next day to December 28. It will be a universal holiday, and the day following will be January 1.

In like manner, in Leap Year the day will be called Leap Day, and will follow June 28. The new month which is to swallow up all our 29ths, 30ths and 31sts is to be called Sol, and will fall between June and July.

Sol—chaos-killer!

Thus, with the one or two days beyond fifty-two weeks given separate day-names and the months equalised, our calendar will become fixed and uniform.

Days will always fall on the same dates each month, the 1st, 8th, 15th and 22nd always being Sundays—and so on. All the year's holidays would always fall on the same days and the same dates each year.

That, in brief, is the proposal to be thrashed out at Geneva. If assented to, the year 1934 will see a new month born into the world.

The first question the plain man will ask is, "*Why* are they doing it?" The answer that the representatives of these sixty nations will make is that our present calendar is archaic and confusing, completely unsuited to the needs of the modern world, and a constant source of error, loss and waste.

There are to-day in the world no fewer than thirty different calendar systems, all working against each other.

The East has over a score of methods of reckoning time periods, which makes intercourse with each other more difficult; and their difference from ours makes trading arrangements with us more complicated.

Europe, America and most Christian countries use the present calendar, with its varying months of unequal numbers of days.

Side by side is the Jewish Calendar, even more complex with its six different lengths of year and its holidays and fast days, which move at a constantly changing comparison with our days.

A few of the disadvantages of our present system are common knowledge. How many of us know without examining a calendar on what day Christmas will fall this year? Whether it will fall conveniently with a clear run through for work and domestic affairs—or the reverse?

As for Easter, from which several of the year's holidays take their date, we know neither the day nor date without a calendar.

The date of Easter has been so juggled with in the past by popes, prelates and potentates, so many considerations are involved in fixing the date, such as avoiding a clash with feast days of heretical faiths, that, long ago, abstruse mathematical tables had to be evolved to form a guide to the Church which dictates the date and to the calendar makers.

But inconveniences of movable holiday dates, with the dislocation they bring, are as nothing to the upheavals and error caused by the present erratic calendar which Geneva hopes to change.

Home wheels oiled

If 99 per cent. of the people in these islands were asked which are the two days in which they are most interested they would probably answer "pay day" and "rent day."

For many thousands of people the manœuvring of the domestic exchequer between those two days calls for an effort of delicate concentration which puts a tight-rope walker's job to shame.

The new fixed calendar, its exponents claim, will simplify that ever-recurring problem.

Every housewife in the country has a direct interest in the result of the conference.

Workers who are paid by the week are in incessant financial difficulties with monthly dues, such as rent, light and heat, instalments on furniture, houses, clothing, etc., because their weekly earnings do not coincide with these bills.

Similarly, workers who are paid monthly are handicapped by having to meet weekly bills like the grocer's and the butcher's sometimes four and sometimes five times in different months.

The calendar of thirteen months of four weeks each would equalise the periods of income and outgo. Where its effects have already been tried by the numerous large employers who have adopted it there has always been a benefit to the community.

Bills are paid more regularly without the worry of pinching in here and drawing out there.

Tradesmen profit and pass it on in the shape of better service and often lower prices, and every worker knows always to the full extent how much there is to spend in any given week or month.

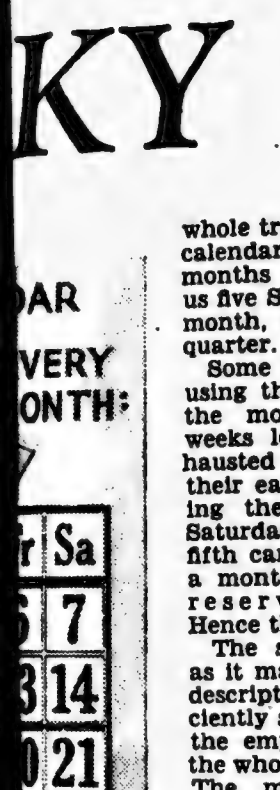
An example of how the equal calendar makes things easier for the worker is shown by the experience at the Railway Clearing House in London.

Seven-day interlopers

A difficult situation arose there among a section of the staff. Men were making mistakes in their work. What was the matter?

Some of the men, it appeared, occasionally were unable to meet canteen bills at the end of the week. They would borrow a sovereign from some fellow-employee on a promise to repay a guinea when they drew their month's pay.

Men were borrowing more and more. The lenders were getting a little upset by the amounts they loaned. It was discovered that the



whole trouble lay in the calendar. Our irregular months commonly give us five Saturdays in one month, at least once a quarter.

Some of the men were using their money as if the month was four weeks long. They exhausted practically all their earnings in meeting the bills of four Saturdays. When the fifth came along within a month they had no reserve to meet it. Hence the borrowing.

The situation, trivial as it may seem in bald description, was sufficiently serious to induce the employers to alter the whole system of pay. The men were paid every four weeks and the trouble disappeared.

The new calendar will simplify trade, improve organisation and lower costs considerably.

Among the commercial users of the method in this country are Selfridge's, Kodak, Ltd., Rowntree and Co., and the great railway companies. They, of course, merely use it in the modified form at present of working on a four-week month basis.

The advantages to them are in the saving effected on accounts work, on pay rolls and on the payment and receipt of money. But a big gain which is reflected in profits is that *these firms always know precisely where they stand in the progress of their trade.*

Under a fixed calendar comparisons of one month's trade with that of a preceding year are always true comparisons.

There are no extra days and extra week-ends to introduce errors into calculations, upon which vital decisions are based.

In America and Germany many scores of the most progressive firms are on the fixed calendar basis. The largest department store and mail-order house in the world—Sears, Roebuck and Co., of Chicago—use the thirteen period calendar.

They announced some time ago that by its use they had been enabled to complete their mid-season stocktakings one month earlier *and to give their employees a weekly half-holiday for six summer weeks of every year!*

All the fun of the Easter fair—make it unchangeable

Sharpening trade's tools

It is a trade axiom that more efficient working and savings in labour, time, and money are always sooner or later passed on to the consumer. Mass production has shown us that.

It is thus not difficult to see how the housewife and the commodity buyer will benefit by a universal adoption of a fixed calendar which has produced such good results in its application so far.

The true value of the new calendar will be seen in the effect it will have on providing time statistics. They are the weapons of trade.

It is of no use to have a highly developed and efficiently working commercial machine if the basis of figures and facts on which it works are not true and consistent.

Bank clearing-house returns and the Board of Trade comparative figures cannot be said to give a true picture under present conditions.

Bank clearings of a month with five Saturdays or Sundays, or five of both, are not comparable with a previous month of four Saturdays and five Sundays, or five Saturdays and four Sundays, or four of both.

Father Time tamed

Where Board of Trade returns are concerned, figures are even more misleading.

Loading figures are always given after a ship has sailed. Most shipping companies have standing orders to captains to use every effort to clear ports by Saturdays. There is thus a glut of sailings before a week-end, and five Saturdays in a month make an enormous difference in export figures.

Similarly, ships that enter on a Saturday are not reported till Monday. A true picture of the rise and fall of trade is thus not given.

One Government department only recognises the inadequacy of the present system.

The Ministry of Health works on the four-weeks basis of the new calendar in its figures, and on what are called the vital statistics—the figures of births and deaths.

Science will gain by the new calendar because the time element figures so largely in analysis and investigation, records of rainfall, flow of rivers, crop production, temperature changes, and other studies which are made more difficult by irregularities in the present calendar.

Conclusions are marred by the fact that there is no such thing as the "same week" last year when the week is the unit.

Agriculture will gain for the same reason that precise statistical information will be available. The farmer will be helped in the management of his farm in matters like livestock breeding, since all gestation calculations become so much simpler with a fixed calendar.

Numerous sides of social life will benefit. Education, because there will no longer be the necessity of taking into account the shifting dates of the commencement and ending of school terms caused by the moving of Easter.

Monday's your birthday!

This shifting about of school dates too often dislocates the family budget. Easter will be perpetually fixed to commence on April 7, since, according to the best historical authority, the Crucifixion took place on April 7, A.D. 30.

For the first time permanent dates could be fixed for monthly, quarterly, and annual meetings, and also for markets, law courts, fairs, holidays, and sports fixtures.

Your birthday will fall on the same day of the same week, for instance.

It would be difficult to name anyone who would not benefit from this tidying up of the calendar.

But this scheme is not merely the effort of a few cranks with a passion for tidiness. It is a stone-cold business proposition. It has been tried out exhaustively and has been proved successful, and all the governments have sounded national opinion before the representatives go to Geneva.

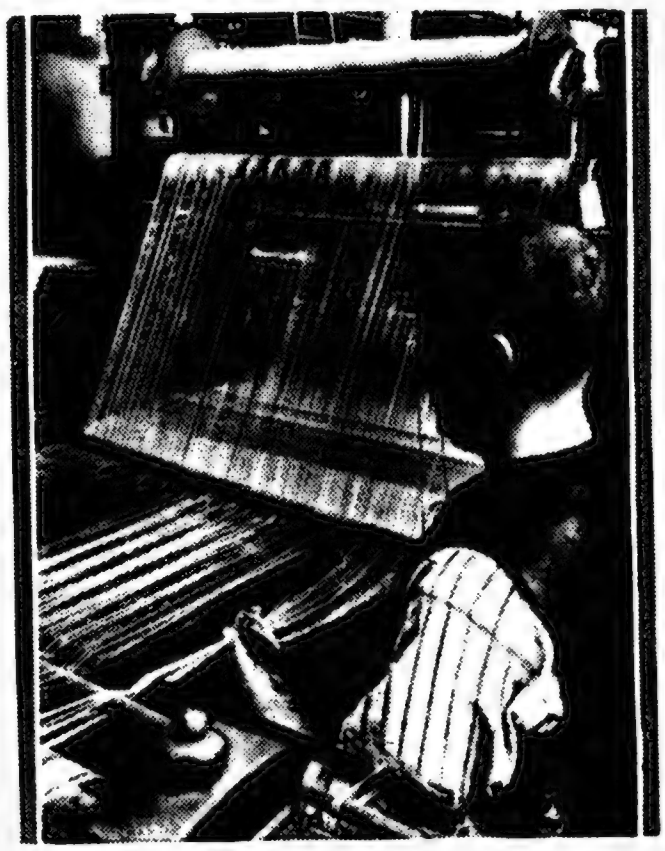
There is every evidence that the scheme will go through.

We have progressed a long way since the days of measuring time by the shadow of a stick in the ground and by omens and mumbo-jumbo. Yet our modern world is still handicapped in its calculations by many of the relics of those days.

Peculiarly enough the fiercest opposition to the new calendar has come from supporters of faiths like the Seventh Day Adventists and the grossly superstitious. Under the new calendar the 13th of the month will always be a Friday!

Which will win at Geneva in October—efficiency and commonsense or mumbo-jumbo?

Rationalising the home budget; no more mysterious "extra weeks" for her



Lancashire's trade with China is hampered by different calendar methods

Your kiddies need this *Quick New energy*

And they'll love these wonderful flakes of golden Indian Corn. So easy to digest, so quick to release its store of quick new energy—that's why Post Toasties is called the Wake-up Food. Buy the big red and yellow packet to-day, and try it to-morrow—with milk or cream.

Give them—

Post Toasties

The Wake-up Food

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POST TOASTIES ARE ONE OF THE POST PRODUCTS WHICH INCLUDE GRAPE-NUTS, POSTUM, POST'S BRAN FLAKES AND POST'S WHOLE BRAN.

A Real Life Story *by* EDWARD CONSTABLE

HIS name was George McLelland and he was a raw-boned, cadaverous Scot, aged twenty-three. At the time when we begin to know him he was a minor professional footballer. He played, when the management allowed him a game, for Clerkenwell United, the great London club which had thirty-eight pros. on its books.

The manager of Clerkenwell United, while touring north in search of players, had bought him for £250 from a junior Scottish team.

At first he looked like an indifferent bargain. About once a fortnight he got a game with the reserves, and nobody could say he was very good or very bad.

And then one day Mr. McLelland, one of the four men who specialise at the inside-right position, engaged by the Clerkenwell United Club, and one of the twelve men who served the club and were capable of filling that position at a pinch, had an extraordinary experience.

He fell in love.

IT is natural for man and woman to fall in love and marry, and perhaps find themselves the world's creditors for the next Napoleon or Shakespeare.

But how is a man, a total stranger to a town—a large town like London, say—to meet his mate unless he finds her casually?

Anyhow, if George McLelland hadn't addressed a strange girl there wouldn't be now a George McLelland junior, who, if his parents' unprejudiced opinion is to be trusted, is going to be a genius.

His father thinks that he will make a super professional footballer. His mother, for some reason known only to herself, thinks that he will become a chartered accountant. Well, some of us will live to see.

It happened in this way: George one night came up the escalator of a Tube station like a ghost slowly emerging from the family vault.

When he got near the exit to the street he found a lot of dampness under foot and a crowd of people blocking the way out and staring blankly at a heavy shower of rain which was beating down at an angle of sixty degrees.

He was about to walk out when, jostled by the crowd, a girl stepped backwards on to his foot.

She did not hurt him in the least, for professional footballers do not keep corns, but there were hasty apologies in a strong Irish accent. There were reassurances in a Scots accent equally strong.

She was a typical Irish girl of the respectable working class, pretty as a picture, as they say, with the authentic blue eye "put in with a dirty finger."

GEORGE asked permission to shelter her under his umbrella as far as her 'bus when it came by.

She thanked him, but told him she lived only two or three streets away, and that there was no 'bus-route passing the house where she lodged.

George assured her that it wouldn't be taking him out of his way, for he himself lived only about two hundred yards distant.

Well, well, and that was that. The very Scotch and the very Irish do not generally mix very well when they meet, but this was an exceptional case.

They had not gone very far before she knew his name and he knew hers. Hers was Molly Doolan. Then she learned that he was a professional footballer, and her interest in him multiplied.

"Ah, and who do ye play for?" she asked.

He named one of the most famous clubs in London, or, for that matter, in England.

"But I haven't played in the first team yet," honesty compelled him to add.

"Me farther was a professional footballer, too," said Molly. "Ye'll have heard of Timmy Doolan? He's been gathered to the blessed saints these last eleven years, but he used to play for Aston Villa and for Ireland."

"George feinted, swerved, and went round him . . . while the crowd roared"

George said that he had heard of Timmy Doolan, and afterwards did penance in secret for the lie. But he made enquiries of the older hands and learned that Timmy Doolan, in his day, was in a class of his own.

"And where do ye play on the field?" Molly asked him.

"Generally inside-right. That's my real place."

"Me farther was an inside-right, too," said Molly.

It was a bond between them. It is astonishing how much two young people who feel that they have a bond between them can tell each other about themselves in ten minutes when they are under the same umbrella.

However, they didn't quite learn each other's life histories then and there, but an appointment was made to visit the pictures on the following evening.

That first visit to the pictures was a success. There was little they did not know about each other when the evening was over.

She had been born in Birmingham when her father was playing for Aston Villa, but both her parents were from the Green Island and most of her friends were Irish—being fellow-worshippers at the local Catholic church—so she had the brogue.

SHE worked in a laundry and helped to support her mother, the money resulting from her late father's "benefit" having gone in an unsuccessful venture in a public-house.

Then she learned of George's early life, of the hard times in a little grey Scots town, of his having had to leave school at fourteen and go out to work with an unslaked thirst for knowledge.

Then had come the lads' football team, which played on a bare patch of waste ground. Afterwards promotion to a strong junior side. Then the manager of the important London club arriving like the good fairy in search of local talent and spotting George. Better wages than you could get locally and nothing to do except play football and keep fit.

He was not getting maximum wages, he told her. Nor was he likely to, he thought. But he told her his dream, which was to play regularly in the first team, draw the maximum wage, and retire in early middle life and buy a business on the proceeds of his "benefit" or on his share of the proceeds of the sale of himself to another club.

BUT he would never play in the first team, he thought, and modestly owned that he did not consider himself quite good enough nor clever enough. He hadn't missed First League form by much, but he had missed it, and never looked like attaining it.

"Ah, ye'll get there," said Molly.

They met often. Is it worth while to repeat the oldest story in the world? There came an evening when George was seeing Molly home and felt much electricity in the air, so he kissed Molly, and after not too much persuasion Molly kissed him.

Now, generally speaking, Irish girls do not permit themselves to be kissed and give their kisses in return unless, in the phraseology of us common folk, "the man means something by it."

George meant everything by it. He meant eternal love. But he didn't mean to marry on his present wage, for Molly's sake more than his own. He was a Scot and cautious.

So these two had what is called an understanding, and met every evening, and went on most evenings to cheap places of amusement, so that George was baffled in his attempts to save money.

Sometimes on Saturdays, when he was playing for the reserves, Molly came to see him, and if she did not think him a football genius, she was careful not to say so.

The year waned and died. The new year came in and brought with it the cup-ties—and influenza. Clerkenwell United were drawn to play at home against Ironborough, a hard-fighting

PERHAPS Father HELPED!

team from the North. On form, and with their best side out, they seemed to have a better chance than Ironborough.

But a week before the match the influenza germ allied itself with Ironborough, and the Clerkenwell players went down like flies.

On the Monday before the match those who studied the section of the sporting Press devoted to professional football read that four of Clerkenwell's best players could not be got fit in time for the match. One of them was the regular inside-right.

Another inside-right went down with the same complaint, and a third was already on the injured list. That left George as the only regular practitioner in the position, but his place in the team was by no means assured.

The directors, manager and chief trainer laid their heads together. There were better players than George who did not ordinarily play inside-right, but were able to fill the gap.

It was Watkins, the trainer, who was the deciding factor in favour of George.

"I don't believe," he said, "in moving a man from a place he's used to to a place he isn't used to. McLelland may not be very good, but he isn't very bad. He does what he's told and he can shoot.

"And besides, he's used to playing with Stott, who'll be on the wing. Bring up Bourne, who's been playing right-half, and you don't know what he'll do. Most of the time he'll think he's still playing half. I've seen plenty of that."

So it happened that George on the Monday evening came to break some good news to Molly and to wish her temporarily good-bye.

He had got his chance with the first team, and in a cup-tie at that. Early to-morrow he was to start for Brighton with the others for a few days' special training.

"EVERYTHING depends on Saturday," he said. "If I do well it won't mean a regular place in the first team, but it'll mean full wages next season with them or with some other club."

"Of course ye'll do well," said Molly. "I'll be there to see ye, and I'll pray for ye."

George was slightly shocked. It did not seem to him quite right to intercede with Divine Providence in the matter of a football match. She went on to make it worse.

"I'll pray to me farther for ye," said Molly.

"Pray to whom?" George gasped.

"Me farther. He knows football, doesn't he? And he knows the place you play in, doesn't he? Well, he's gone to dwell among the blessed saints, and if I ask him he'll be very likely to catch St. Patrick with a moment to spare, and say, 'Please St. Patrick, will you ask that George McLelland may play well on Saturday?'"

George gasped again. The faiths of both of them were simple but diverse. To George all this was heathenish. And yet—and yet a great deal was at stake, his career and his chance of marrying, both dependent on his play in a football match.

And if prayers mean anything at all, may not those who have died in peace sometimes put in a good word to help the living?

SO George went with the others to Brighton and took salt-water baths and played much golf and went for long walks.

He was vaguely unhappy and apt to feel himself snubbed by the other players who had much First League experience behind them. He felt like a little boy in the company of many big boys.

The men came back fighting fit and fairly confident for their match on Saturday.

• • •

When George left the dressing-room, the last of the team to enter the field, he was stunned by the cheering of sixty thousand people.

Very different, this vast crowd, from the apathetic mere handful that came to watch the reserves.

He thought vaguely at first that this had dazed him, for there was suddenly something "funny" in his head, a changed feeling. And prior to the kick-off, while the others were kicking at goal, he stood a little aloof, wondering at himself.

He was remembering places he had never been to—a very blue bay, very green uplands and a little town called Yonchal. It was all very queer.

The game started, and he played dazedly at first. Twice the ball came to him and he passed too hard and too far forward to Stott on the wing. He got frowns from Stott and from a centre-forward who had cost the club £5,000.

But when the game was a quarter of an hour old and no goals scored he found himself not only thinking, but acting in a manner foreign to his nature.

He, the most junior and despised member of the team, found himself daring to act on his own initiative, and to disobey orders. This, when it is successful, is called the Nelson touch.

The ball came to him, headed haphazard by the centre-half. He gathered it with his feet and began to run. Stott, on the wing, was moving forward and looking expectantly over his shoulder.

A back was crossing to cover Stott. The Ironborough defence placed itself to answer any move made.

And George dared to be original. He dared to essay the lost art of dribbling. The half-back detailed to keep him out of mischief hung aloof for a fatal second, thinking he would pass. George feinted, swerved and went round him, while the crowd, suddenly excited, stood and roared.

George went on. The centre-half and left-back rushed to tackle him. Somehow he was past them—that feint and swerve again. And now he was twelve yards from a goal defended only by a crouching figure in a green jersey.

In almost the same second the crouching figure in the green jersey threw itself flat, the ball fell down from the slack meshes of the back of the net, sixty thousand people gave tongue at once, and George was being banged on the back while hands came from all directions to snatch at his.

It was all very strange, George thought. Were all these people, Molly among them, shouting at him? And all the while he had something at the back of his mind masquerading as a memory of a very blue bay and a town called Yonchal.

And wasn't there a girl called Sheilah? Yes, certainly there was a girl called Sheilah now he came to think of it.

In the central stand an Ironborough director remarked to a Clerkenwell director:

"That inside-right of yours has got a style of his own."

"So it seems," was the answer. "We haven't played him in the first team before; I don't know why. That was a lovely goal."

"I remember," said the Ironborough man, frowning over a faulty recollection, "someone who used to play years ago and get goals like that. There's something about your McLelland that reminds me of him, too. But I can't remember his name. It'll come back to me presently."

THEN, ten minutes later, George got another goal in much the same way. He walked back dazed to the centre line—dazed not because of the tornado of noise, but because he was aware of this queer change in himself. He seemed to be two people in one.

He was George McLelland. But not his those winged feet, that feint and swerve. They belonged to somebody who remembered very green fields and a very blue bay.

And this other one had married a girl named Sheilah, and there was a daughter called Molly. Funny, that, because he, George McLelland, was in love with a girl named Molly! He'd have to think it all over afterwards.

Clerkenwell won by five goals to one, and George got four of them. In that one match his reputation was made, and would remain until he suffered some extraordinary lapse of form.

He was sure now of top wages and his share of a very respectable transfer fee if Clerkenwell wanted to get rid of him.

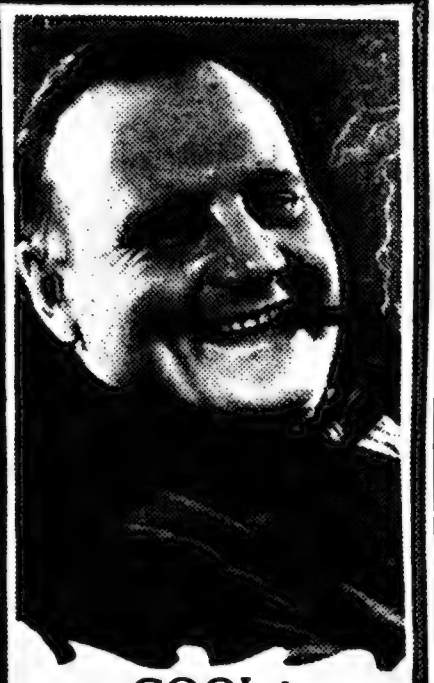
Clerkenwell didn't. The Clerkenwell director aforementioned said so quite firmly to the Ironborough director.

"He played like a man inspired," the Clerkenwell director added.

"He did," agreed the man from Ironborough, "and now I know who his play reminds me of. *You* remember Tim Doolan who used to play for the Villa?"

Next Week:

"The Cough,"
by Vance Palmer



COOL!
SWEET!!
FRAGRANT!!!

Cheerful words, and to learn their full meaning — Smoke Manikins.

Manikins are as cool and refreshing as a summer breeze, and their delightful fragrance creates an atmosphere of peace and contentment known only to those who have tried these choice little smokes.

You *expect* a wonderful smoke immediately you open a packet of Manikins and catch their delicate aroma—the sure sign of a well-mellowed cigar—and your expectations are fully realised with the first cool, fragrant puffs.

Try them to-night, and find for the first time what a real delight smoking can be.

10d. buys 5—five opportunities for restful pleasure.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.

All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

THE MENACE OF BALDNESS

The startling increase in baldness, which seems to be more prevalent every year, will cause many to welcome the unusual announcement of Mr. Frederick Godfrey on page 14. Having treated over half-a-million cases of Hair Trouble in the past few years, Mr. Godfrey makes no extravagant or far-fetched claims, and is careful to back up all his statements with evidence in the shape of remarkable letters from ordinary everyday people—a great many of them readers of "John Bull."

Despising "high power salesmanship," Mr. Godfrey's simple English method is to present a free sample to all who write to him, leaving them to continue the treatment when they have noticed the benefit. The printed form on page 14 simplifies making application.

The pride of buying wisely and well

HOUSEWIVES everywhere like to experience the pride and satisfaction of having shopped wisely and well.

That is why they appreciate the value and goodness of Quaker Oats. They know that there is no breakfast they can buy that provides so much nourishment at so little cost.

Quaker Oats is the family's best health assurance—made from the world's finest oats, its rich, creamy flavour delights everyone.

Quick Quaker is ready in 3 or 4 minutes . . . less time than it takes to make the morning cup of tea.

QUICK QUAKER

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker Oats. Both made in Canada.*

TWO SIZES

3½D and 7½D

per packet at all grocers

Q72

The coming big race and the Irish Sweepstake are doubtful propositions—in different senses

THE RISK OF "NO RACE"

IRISH SWEEP —OUR WARNING

THE Manchester November Handicap—the last big event of the flat-racing season—has been abandoned three times in the past eight years owing to bad weather.

What is going to happen to the vast amount of money subscribed in the Irish Free State Hospitals Sweepstake if the race is again cancelled eleven weeks hence?

Will the promoters return the money to those who insist upon a refund? It would be interesting to observe how much—or how little—they receive.

Or will the sweep managers try to transfer the whole pool to another sweepstake next year?

And who will benefit by the interest on that colossal pool?

That is but one aspect of the Irish Sweepstake. It is boasted by the promoters that the November Handicap sweep will far surpass anything in the past—it will be the richest gamble ever conducted.

In that boast they express the fact that they have outwitted the British police and the Post Office and have again flooded the country with tickets.

We repeat the warning that these tickets are so much worthless paper. The vouchers may be paid for, but there is no guarantee that the money will ever reach Dublin so that the counterfoils will be placed in the drums for the draw.

Loaded dice

A quick explanation is obviously required from the Free State authorities regarding disturbing reports that a great number of people who believed they were participating in the last sweep on the Derby did nothing of the kind, and that an immense sum was held over for transfer to the lottery of November.

The public must bear in mind that *in the last Derby sweep the Post Office had to stop nearly £600,000 from reaching the Free State.*

Is the public aware that to every one hundred tickets in the draw there is added twenty for which not a penny is paid?

Taking into account the substantial deductions for charities, promoters' rewards and expenses, it is doubtful if the investor—against colossal odds—gets a run for even one-half of the money he subscribes.

By far the most remarkable aspect of the present sweepstake is the audacity and freedom with which unknown touts have set about distributing tickets throughout Britain.

They have rented offices and are conducting business openly even in places like Mayfair and Belgravia and the commercial areas of the West End of London.

No one knows anything about the people behind these agencies, which are wholly illegal.

Their expenditure is huge because they have sent out letters with elaborate literature by the million.

They make no profits on the sale of tickets, as the bonus vouchers are distributed with the books which are being issued in hundreds of thousands.

Who provides the finance for these law-breaking organisations and who rewards them? Irish philanthropists, perhaps.

Most impudent of them all is a concern called the Portman International Exchange Bureau, of George Street, London, W., controlled by an individual named C. W. James.

It boasts that, "in view of the uncertainty of the safe conduct of letters to Ireland," it has a special courier service at its command.

The Portman Bureau, for this and other reasons, deserves the special attention of Scotland Yard.

We also bring the Brighton County Club, of Middle Street, Brighton, to the notice of the police.

They must tell—

Its literature and letters are signed variously by W. R. Lawrence and R. F. Hepburn, both of whom ask for early remittances and offer to supply any number of further books of tickets on application.

It may be merely coincidence that the communications from the Brighton County Club are identical in their language with those of the strange Portman Bureau.

Can the Irish Sweep authorities disclaim connection, after our disclosures, with these or the host of similar touting organisations which have come into being in recent weeks?

If they cannot state who is financing these curious concerns, they must at least explain by what means they have been provided with wholesale quantities of tickets.

This country is also being deluged just now with announcements regarding a score of other Irish sweepstakes which have sprung up around the principal lottery, and which are issuing costly books of tickets recklessly and without discrimination.

Queer appeals

Some are for genuine causes, although the appeal is out of all proportion to their needs, but others are fraudulent and bogus.

From the literature of one of these subsidiary sweepstakes it might be gathered that it has been organised and is being conducted on a scale to endow Irish athletics for all time. Its headquarters, we find, are a deserted fried-fish and chip shop.

Perhaps the biggest of these illegitimate offspring of the national Irish lottery is the Limerick Sweep. It does not even name the "deserving charity" for which it is represented as being conducted.

Tens of thousands of books of tickets are also being distributed for the sweepstake of the Convent of the Good Shepherd.

Possible subscribers are told, in a mass of unctuous jingo, that heaven will reward them generously for their kindness to the homeless and erring ones.

Then the Drishane Convent of Mill-street, County Cork, wants your money for mission work in Japan, and buyers of tickets are promised that masses will be offered for them in Brittany and in Ireland.

Prayers are also guaranteed to be said for ticket-purchasers in the sweepstake of St. Vincent de Paul, which has adopted the curious name of "Ozanam" for its offices in Mountjoy Square, Dublin.

Explain this!

The strange feature of these so-called convent and pseudo-religious sweepstakes is that their promoters are spending more on printing and postage than the amount of money which is required for their supposed objects.

Special caution should be observed by the public regarding a British-controlled sweepstake called the World Blind Subscription Fund, which is about to be launched from Danzig.

It has already been decided to deduct one-fourth of the revenue for commissions and expenses, and none of the recognised societies for the care of the blind will countenance this surreptitious enterprise.

The police might find it interesting to pay a call at an office in 54 55, Fetter Lane, London, from which someone named Charles A. More is touting on a vast scale.

Very black sweep

His speciality is something named the Oldest Colony Sweepstake, with headquarters in Newfoundland, but he is also distributing tickets at £5 per book for the queer World Blind affair.

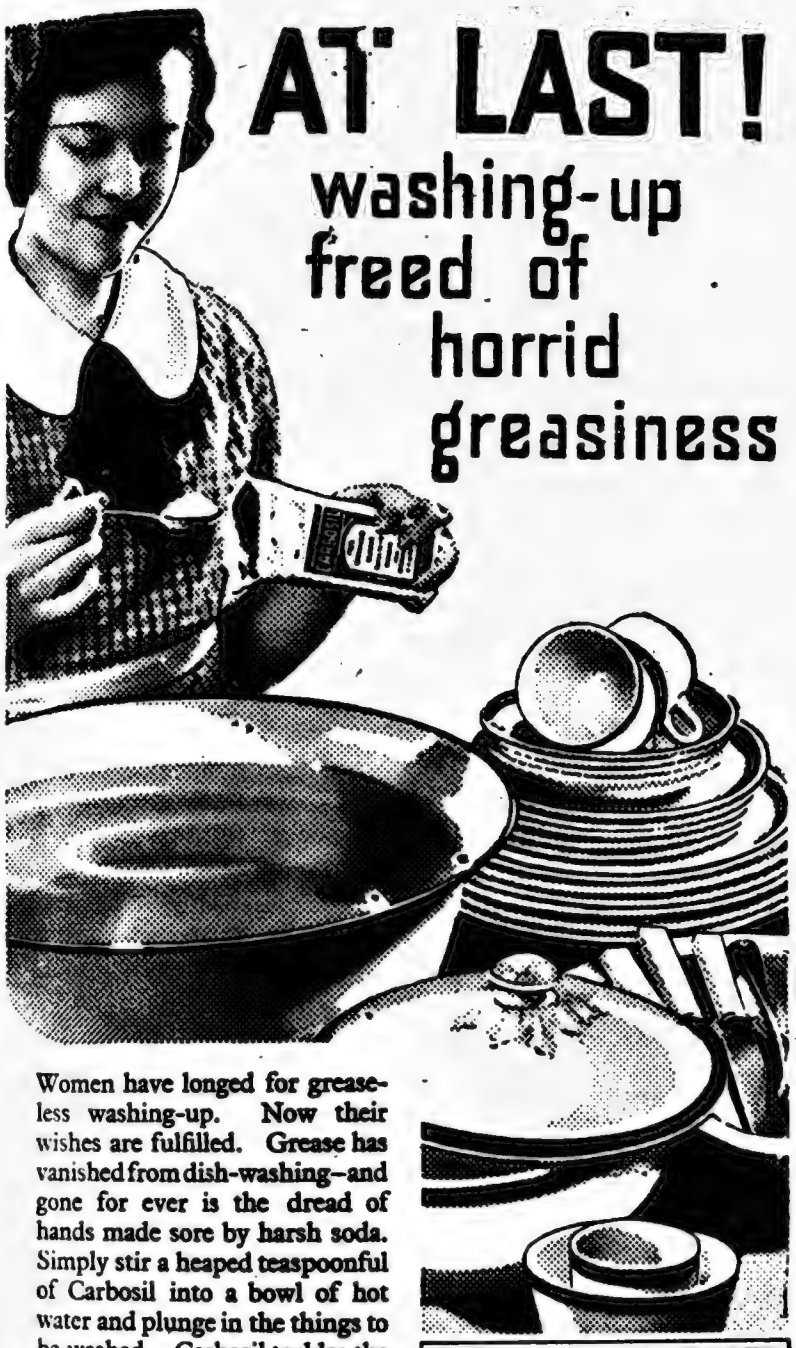
JOHN BULL detests spoil-sport tactics of any kind, but we regard it as a duty to our readers to acquaint them with these facts regarding the Irish Sweep and the mixed progeny of gambles it has bred.

Life Story of

MARIE DRESSLER

Marie Dressler, one of the greatest personalities of the screen, has written her life story for the *Picturegoer Weekly*.

The inimitable comedienne of "Min and Bill," who made one of the most sensational "come-backs" in moving picture history, begins her own account of her career in the *Picturegoer Weekly* on September 12, on sale September 11. Make sure of your copy by ordering it now!



AT LAST!
washing-up freed of horrid greasiness

Women have longed for grease-less washing-up. Now their wishes are fulfilled. Grease has vanished from dish-washing—and gone for ever is the dread of hands made sore by harsh soda. Simply stir a heaped teaspoonful of Carbosil into a bowl of hot water and plunge in the things to be washed. Carbosil tackles the grease and dissolves it. There is none to cloud over the clean plates—none to soil hands and tea-towel.

Carbosil so effectively banishes grease that scores of women have written to thank us. The letters, now to be seen at our head offices, say that Carbosil does all—and more than—we claim for it. And Carbosil is most economical! A twopenny packet contains nearly a month's supply.

CARBOSIL
dissolves grease

Use Carbosil also for washing greasy cloths

CAR 68-143 JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

Relax with WRIGLEY'S ... and *win!*

A VERY useful habit to get into is the Wrigley habit. At the first tee put a piece of Wrigley's in your mouth, it will soothe and relax strained nerves. Your game all round is immensely benefited by Wrigley's because it gives you that complete relaxation you need.

At the same time Wrigley's after every meal cleanses the mouth and teeth and aids the digestion.

There are two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Both equally delightful, tempting to the taste and deliciously flavoured with a flavour that lasts to the end.

There was never a sweet that costs so little yet offers so much.

British Made by British Workmen with Empire Materials

WRIGLEY'S

EL 4

See the *difference*
CONDITION makes *to your dog.*

FOR your dog's sake and your own satisfaction, we urge you to see, *on your own dog*, the vast difference between ordinary health and *real* condition. A domesticated dog who is not conditioned never knows what real health means. His non-porous skin prevents him purifying his blood by perspiring, and one meal that is too rich, or the loss of one day's exercise can make his liver sluggish, and cause his stomach to become "sour" so that food impurities are continually entering his blood.

If your dog's happiness means anything to you, give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders to-day. These powders purify the blood and tone up the whole system, curing *and preventing* all ailments due to poor blood condition, such as *Listlessness, Excessive Scratching, Eczema, Loose Coat, Loss of Appetite and Sizellings between the toes.* Always keep handy a packet of Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

There are 9 (nine) powders in the sixpenny packets, and 18 in the shilling boxes— from dog biscuit shops, chemists, and big stores.

Since 1892 the world's dog remedy

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS **CONDITION POWDERS**

—just admit you was wrong abaht CAMERONIAN."

Whatever the argument—

BOLENIUM
(Pronounced BO-LEEN-EE-UM)
Super-Overalls
Worn by the man who knows
HOLD GOOD

6/6 Worn by the man who knows. Bend, tug and twist as hard and as often as your work demands. Boleniums will stand the strain.

Ask your Outfitter, in cases of difficulty write to:—

BOLENIUM OVERALLS, Dept. 1, Upton Park, London, E.13

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT

Bladder Irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder comfort," No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (500 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from
Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited,
(Dept. J. B. 25) 49, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4
Boots, Taylors, and all chemists stock or obtain.

"Find it difficult to get up . . . they will keep on ringing until you answer"

Hello! 'PHONE FOR IT

SWEEPING reductions in telephone rates are to be made on October 1.

The charge for calls will remain as at present. We shall still pay a minimum of twopence if we speak from a public call-box and a penny if we have the telephone installed in our house or office.

But the rental of an instrument is to cost the ordinary householder only 4s. a quarter instead of 6s.—a third less—while other "cuts" will benefit business houses with several lines.

Will these long-awaited changes help to raise Britain from its lowly position in the list of the world's telephone users?

For though the number of telephones in this country increases by 125,000 every year and now exceeds two million, we have been far outstripped by other countries in the development of the "magic wire."

Why?

The British telephone system, both in cost and service, compares favourably with any other system in the world.

Why, then, is it progressing so slowly?

Many people believe the answer is simply that the Post Office has yet to learn the cardinal maxim of modern business: "You've got to advertise to sell your goods."

The Post Office seems determined to hide its light under a bushel. Even in the official directories many interesting 'phone facilities are never mentioned.

Sleepy heads

Let us suppose, for instance, that you find it difficult to get up in the morning. You have the shocking habit of stifling the alarm-clock and snuggling down again.

Well, if you have the 'phone in your home the exchange will cheerfully ring you every morning—and keep on ringing until you lift up the receiver and answer.

Or do you wish to be reminded of an important bit of business? In the same way you can arrange for your bell to be rung at a certain time.

Has your watch stopped, and you don't know whether to hurry or dawdle for your train or whether it's time to put the joint in the oven?

The exchange will give you Greenwich mean time at any hour of the day or night.

If it is Boat Race Day, or Derby Day, or Cup Final Day, you can learn the result almost as soon as the race is won by lifting the telephone receiver.

But the Post Office is hardly aware of these services of its own devising!

The fact is that you can use the 'phone not only as a quick and direct method of communication, but as a secretary and a servant as well.

If you dislike writing letters and have a few coppers to spare you can even get your letters written by 'phone: all you have to do is to dictate your letter to the operator.

It will cost you threepence for the first thirty words and a penny for every ten succeeding words, plus postage.

Express letters can be sent at the same rate; telegrams and cables may be dispatched by telephone at the ordinary commercial rates.

Then you can use your telephone number as a telegraphic address. The exchange will ring you up and communicate the message immediately it is received, while at the same time a confirmation copy will be posted.

Butcher, baker—

Housewives, too, are using the telephone nowadays to do their daily shopping. Why brave the raw damp of an inclement day, they argue, risking 'flu and colds and wasting money on 'bus or train fares?

Many women, therefore, have arranged for their tradesmen to ring them up at a fixed hour on certain days of the week to take orders and make suggestions.

After all, most of the things used in daily life are now standardised, while other goods can always be ordered on approval.

One New York woman boasts of having done all her ordinary shopping in this way during her twenty-two years of housekeeping, and claims to have saved an hour a day or 8,664 hours in all, which she values at not less than £868.

Worthy to rank with this feat is the initiative of a London gramophone dealer, who plays new records to prospective buyers over the 'phone and sells them like hot cakes.

But the most spectacular advances of recent years have been made in the direction of radio-telephony.

As most people know, it is now possible to speak through an ordinary telephone to ships at sea or to the ends of the earth, so that it is less trouble—though certainly more costly—to chat with Uncle Tom in Tasmania or Aunt Polly in Paraguay than to write to them.

In one London hotel alone the American guests spend nearly £100 a day on transatlantic telephoning.

Long-distance land calls, though less exciting, are even more useful to the business man, and selling by telephone—though it has been abused in both senses of the word—seems likely to become one of the most important branches of salesmanship in the next few years.

Make it personal

For a trunk call to a distant town is naturally much cheaper than the fare and expenses of a commercial traveller, while if an order is obtained it can be dealt with at once, thus speeding up delivery and turnover.

Moreover, the business man is certain of talking to his prospective client if he uses the "personal call" method.

If he says, for instance, "I want a personal call to Mr. Jones, Newcastle 1234567," he will be told whether Mr. Jones is available, thus avoiding the possibility of spending money on an abortive call.

For this facility an extra fee of a shilling is charged between the hours of 7 a.m. and 2 p.m. for a distance not over 150 miles, 1s. 6d. for 350 miles, and 2s. for longer distances.

At other times of the day a similar call over any distance costs only an additional sixpence.

Calls can be arranged at a fixed time, or regular daily calls of at least fifteen minutes each cost only three-quarters of the normal rate.

The telephone as a business factor is all-important in the United States.

From hospital bed

An almost incredible but true example is the case of a Mr. Holland, a motor salesman, who met with an accident and was taken to hospital at Memphis, Tennessee.

Demanding a telephone to be installed at his bedside, he proceeded to sell twenty-eight cars in eighteen days—all by 'phone.

New York brokers do nearly all their business "over the wire," while one great American department store has a telephone sales staff of 120.

English business men, however, are quickly following this lead: a London shop which had a single telephone sales girl a year ago now has twenty-five.

Perhaps, then, England will one day surpass Denmark and Australia in the matter of telephones.

Hundreds of women tested the *new* RINSO to help to make it just right

...HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

MRS. APTED, OF HARBORNE, BIRMINGHAM, says: "It is simply wonderful the way the New Rinso lathers and gets the dirt out with just the least possible effort—I've used it for everything and my linens have never had such a crisp whiteness — and the coloured things show just how gently it works. It's the speediest thing I have found, not only for the big wash-days when I use it in the copper — but for all my odd washings throughout the week."

MRS. REESON, CHELSEA PARK DWELLINGS, S.W.3, (above) says: "I've used the New Rinso for all my washing and I must say I am astounded at the way it gets the dirt out. I've used it for all the weekly wash — and for all odd bits of washing. It's the rate it lathers up that saves your time."

MRS. NIBLETT, (right) OF STAPLE HILL, BRISTOL, says: "Directly I tried this New Rinso I knew what a help it was going to be. I've used it some weeks now for all my washing and there's nothing it does not deal kindly with — it's just the best thing for washing clothes. I never saw my linens look so pure or show so little sign of wear."

Now—

an old favourite made finer still

It gives

CREAMIER LATHER
EASIER WASH
BRIGHTER FINISH

and more for your money

RINSO has been a great stand-by and a real time-saver in the wash-day of hundreds and thousands of housewives. And now there's New Rinso — Rinso better still — Rinso with a wonderful lively lather that cuts your wash-day work in half!

There's a mountain of suds in the Rinso packet — so kind to your hands you'll know how it treats your fine things! Thorough too, for all its gentleness — it gets the grease and grime out without the back-breaking rubbing.

NEW RINSO dissolves instantly — every atom gets to work at once, and a little does a lot of hard work —that's why it's more economical. And it's saving your pennies too, for you get a bigger packet of better Rinso at the same price.

IT'S WONDERFUL FOR SOAKING DIRT RIGHT OUT: Shake the Rinso into the wash-tub and you get instant lather. This lather has a coaxing way of cleaning — you soon find your clothes are sparkling and clean.

SO SAFE, SO THOROUGH FOR BOILING: Drop your clothes in the foaming suds and boil for 30 minutes. There's magic in these suds that draws the dirt out, making clothes whiter, sweeter, fresher.

NOT ON SALE IN IRISH FREE STATE

BIGGER PACKET · SAME PRICE 3½D.

R. S. HUDSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON R409—281-65

Just as one great man will dominate a crowd, so does a PERTRIX Dry Battery stand out from all others—in performance and in length of life.

And the PERTRIX Accumulator, built as it is, on more than forty years' experience in the manufacture of storage batteries, is a worthy companion to its 'Dry relation.'

All 'good' dealers sell PERTRIX.

PERTRIX
SUPER LIFE
DRY BATTERIES
&ACCUMULATORS

THE PERFECT PAIR FOR PERFECT RADIO

Advt. of Pertrix Ltd., Britannic House, 233, Shaftesbury Av., London, W.C.2 Telephone: Temple Bar 7971 (3 lines). Works: Redditch

Herbs will Cure all your Ills

You need never despair of a cure. There is a certain remedy in Nature's Storehouse for every ill from which you suffer.

FREE BOOK packed with valuable herbal prescriptions and recipes which have cured hundreds, and full information on the treatment of ill-health and the value of simple Herbs—Nature's own remedy.

It is a Home Health Guide which saves doctor's bills and enables you to keep healthy and full of vitality—a gold mine of essential information.

Whatever your health trouble you will find it dealt with here. You need never despair.

Write for a copy of this splendid 112 page Book containing many illustrations and diagrams. It is free to all readers in the British Isles. To readers abroad 1/- per copy.

J. ROBINSON & SONS, 4, KUREN HOUSE, BRADFORD

DUMPED RADIO RUBBISH

A roadside "radio exhibition." A British receiver brings in the lunch-time music on two spades!

IS Great Britain to become the dumping-ground for foreign-made radio sets — which are utterly unsuitable to English conditions—and the unwanted overflow production of foreign countries which have not been able to absorb them?

The answer rests with the British public.

To-day, in America particularly, and in foreign countries throughout the world, export firms are turning covetous eyes to the British market.

The foreign radio factories last year over-produced in enormous quantities, and many firms abroad have large stocks of radio receivers, the designs of which are not in accordance with this year's principles.

A big cut-out

Does Britain want to buy the foreigners' out-of-date radio sets?

Remember that these sets were originally designed for use in countries which have no long-wave broadcasting stations and no equivalent to our Daventry 5XX.

For that reason, the purchaser of some of these dumped sets will be debarred from listening to the Daventry programmes.

He will find himself unable to receive Radio Paris, Motala and the other long-wave Continental stations, which at the moment provide him with by far the best of his week-end programmes.

Further, he will be buying something which has been rejected by the public of the country which made the set, and buying to the disadvantage of our own young, virile industry.

Among the principal offenders are several American and Continental export houses, and the sets which they are sending and may continue to send to this country use valves which cannot be bought here.

It must be appreciated, for instance, that the American valve is a vastly different thing from the British product. One cannot use American valves in a British set, and, what is more important, one cannot use British valves in an American set.

Where's that radio-doctor?

What will happen when the users of these dumped sets want new valves? Will they be able to get replacements of the exact type which they want? It is doubtful.

There are a few foreign sets being sold in this country backed by efficient and reliable sales organisations, but the vast majority are not in that position.

The buyer of a foreign set to-day may find that in six months he cannot replace his valves or indeed any other component which may require renewal.

He will be left stranded with an out-of-date and useless set, because there will be no one in this country to whom he can turn for service.

No radio set to-day is fool-proof, although the best British set is rapidly approaching that state. But, whatever the set, whatever the make, a valve is like an electric lamp. It will not last for ever.

It is the heart of the set, and without it any receiver is useless.

There is a very grave danger that many of these foreign-made receivers, which are being so recklessly foisted upon the British public to-day, will be lying idle in a few months because of the lack of service facilities.

There is an even more potent reason why the British public should keep a watchful eye on these dumping practices when it comes to the question of the all-electric radio receiver. The ordinary radio set which is battery-driven can be said to be free from any real element of danger. The same claim can be made for the most reliable examples of the all-electric set.

It cannot be made for the cheap and nasty variety, and in many instances it cannot be made for the foreign-built article.

There is in this country an authority known as the Institution of Electrical Engineers. The public seldom hears of it and has no direct interest in it.

But the Institution of Electrical Engineers has framed certain "regulations" which have been in force for many years, and which are designed as a standard of workmanship to which all electrical engineers have to adhere.

Your house-wiring system is installed to this standard. If you have an electric fire or an electric cooker the wiring which connects it to the electric main has been installed under the guiding rules laid down by the Institution of Electrical Engineers.

Dangerous ignorance

In other words, this institution is a "Safety First" association to minimise the dangers which are attendant upon the use of electricity if it is conveyed to your house in an inefficient manner.

Some year or two ago the Institution of Electrical Engineers, realising that the all-electric set presented an entirely new problem, framed, as additions to its electrical regulations, a special set of rules.

Every British manufacturer of repute designs his all-electric radio receivers to be in accordance with the requirements and conditions laid down by the radio regulations of the institution.

Most foreign receivers are built without any regard whatever to these regulations—in fact, it might be said that many foreign manufacturers have never heard of them.

There is a second electrical danger: Some foreign countries have very low voltage supply systems, standardised at 110 volts. There are a few 100 and 110 volt main supply systems in this country, but the vast majority vary between 200 and 240.

Safest course

Thus a foreign-built receiver designed without reference to the regulations of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and further designed for use on electricity systems with a low 110 voltage, may suddenly be used by the unsuspecting purchaser in this country on a voltage system of more than double the pressure.

These are the graver dangers of dumping foreign radio.

No man can say that every radio set which is not British is either a dumped product or an inefficient one.

Among the reputable American manufacturers there are firms which produce sets beyond criticism. Unfortunately there are others—whose advertisements would not be accepted by this paper—ready to dump their surplus stock regardless of the purchasers' interests.

For all those in doubt there can be no safer course than to buy a really efficient and reliable British receiver which you know is this year's design and this year's product.

Race with "Silver Ring"

The BACK-END DOUBLE

CAERLEON, the "Eclipse" winner, is given top-weight of 9st. 9lb. in the Cambridgeshire, and I am rather surprised that he should have been rated over The Recorder, who is allotted a pound less.

Lord Glanely's Singapore has the position of honour in the Cesarewitch with 9st. 10lb.

Blue Vision, in the "Ces." has the nice racing impost of 7st. 5lb., which is just about what I expected Mr. Montague Evans' entry to get. I like his chance immensely, but will go more definitely into the subject of the Autumn Double next week.

Free Stater ought to get winning brackets this week-end at Ripon, and I have a liking for Serafina in the Finsbury Handicap at Alexandra Park.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 10, to Wednesday, September 16.

E G M F Z C D U L T N Q K X W S

B P H I O R V J Y A 97 98 93 95 94 96

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

G Z C A Y T 94 would read PORTLAW.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse, the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

9693FI2 would read SKIFF.

"SILVER RING."

BLACKPOOL
Illuminations
SEPTEMBER 19. TO OCTOBER 19.

MORE WONDERFUL THAN EVER
New Continental Features added this year. Miles of Glittering Fairyland.
Searchlight Displays by the sea.
BIGGER! BETTER! BRIGHTER!
HEALTH BY DAY. PLEASURE BY NIGHT
FULL SUMMER ENTERTAINMENTS

AUTUMN SEASON PROGRAMME
Post free from
W. FOSTER
Dept. 73.
Town Hall.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs, we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

See John Bull's "Shop Window" & Small Ads. on Pages 2, 12 & 36

We gave men what they wanted

. . . a shaving cream with these 5 unique features

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5 Fine after effects due to palm and olive oil content.

OUT of every 100 men who have read Palmolive Shaving Cream advertisements and have tried Palmolive Shaving Cream, 87 say "By jove, you're right! This is the shaving preparation I've been looking for." Our records show this. . . .

We knew men were looking for a preparation that lathered abundantly, quickly and easily, softened the beard and did not dry on the face. We knew they wanted a clean shave and a close one . . . without leaving the skin irritated. 1,000 men told us this. . . .

So we set to work, and after 129 experiments produced a cream on the olive oil principle containing the very 5 shaving features that men wanted. And now Palmolive Shaving Cream is the world's best seller. We are sure that you will find Palmolive the answer to your shaving problems. Send 2d. in stamps for 7-Shave sample tube to Palmolive, Dept. S.C. E.9, 44 Ranelagh Road, Grosvenor Road, S.W.1.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After-Shave Talc. Takes away that after-shave shine, but does not show on the face.

PALMOLIVE
Shaving Cream

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

FLAKE
READY RUBBED

Also
DIGGER HONEY DEW
DIGGER SHAG
DIGGER MIXTURE
DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D.5A

ARE YOU TOO OLD?

Vigour and Vitality Sapped

Tired-out with constant pain. Back breaking, limbs like pieces of lead, headache—thousands know the tragic daily torture only too well. The cause in most cases can be told in two words—Kidney Trouble. The remedy can be told in six—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

Thousands of men and women have passed from the torture of kidney trouble to splendid health and vitality simply by taking a short course with this 40-year-old remedy—"DeWitt's."

Let De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills start you, too, on the road to health to-day. Go to your chemist and get a 3/- supply. Take them regularly. You will be amazed how quickly health will come. The sooner you have De Witt's Pills in your home the sooner you will regain health and fitness.

There is nothing just as good as De Witt's Pills—in the original white, blue and gold box.

DE WITT'S
Kidney and Bladder
PILLS

your overalls
MORE THAN ANY OTHER PART OF YOUR CLOTHING should contain material, and workmanship which only the PEXWEAR Factory can produce and have produced for over 100 years. Whatever your trade, there is an overall to meet your requirements, each one carrying the PEX WEAR GUARANTEE.

The coat illustrated is the famous "Fitzwilliam" Coat, guaranteed over 8 oz. Government Khaki Cloth. Retailing at **10/-**

Pexwear OVERALLS

If unable to obtain write for name of nearest stockist.

Wholesale Only — JOHN PECK & CO. LTD. Edge Lane, Liverpool.

A GREAT CHANCE

A great opportunity for purchasing the new Britannica is announced on page 3.

Readers can obtain FREE a beautiful 56 page booklet containing colour plate, maps, etc., and giving a full description of the new edition by forwarding the coupon which is in the advertisement.

TURN TO PAGE 3 AND SEND THE COUPON NOW

THE MAN WHO won't Forget

Human Documents

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. "HUMANIST" will deal with your problem through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

WHEN war broke out in 1914, I was a married woman with two children, a boy and a girl, although I was only just turned nineteen.

I was alone in the world but for my husband; my parents were dead.

My husband was not a bad sort, but always led by his parents, who had spoiled him from childhood. This interference caused us a great deal of unhappiness, so that I really knew peace for the first time when he went to the war front.

When he had been gone for two years I received intimation that he was "missing." Ten months later I met a man who paid court to me, and to my dying day I must regret meeting him, for he became father to my third child.

He begged me to marry him, saying that I should never hear of my husband again, that in all probability "missing" was simply a kindly way of saying "he has been blown to bits."

But, although I was in despair at my own folly, I refused to make this second marriage. My baby died a few minutes after it was born.

Seven months later my husband came home. He had been a prisoner of war in Germany.

My husband, on being told the truth—for I felt I must confess at all costs—took me back for the sake of the children.

Since then I have striven to make my side of this bargain true. I have brought up my two children to be well-doing and respectable. I have toiled and slaved to keep home clean and comfortable.

Since times have been bad I have got work and gone out three days a week to do other women's washing. I am still only thirty-six, yet feel like an old and broken woman.

The reason is my husband's veiled torture, which shows in his every look and action, and yet which he keeps from his speech. This is how it acts:

My eldest son is making his way in business and thinks the world of his "mam." My daughter, too, adores me. Naturally I am proud of them.

When my son meets with a success and I congratulate him, he will kiss me and say, "All due to the best little mother in the world." Then my daughter will add, "Mam's an angel, and I don't care who hears me say so."

This is the signal for my husband. Whenever he hears endearments of this sort he will give an ugly laugh and say, "Well, if that's a specimen of an angel, I don't want ever to join 'em."

It is torture to me, because I feel instinctively that all these years my husband has been biding his time to take his revenge on me by robbing me of my character to my children.

Should I endure these meaning hints or should I take the risk myself of telling my children?"

"HUMANIST" says: For your own peace of mind, and to forestall a dramatic revelation, you should tell your children what happened.

The young people of to-day are more tolerant than any generation of this or the past century. As a good mother, you can trust your children with your happiness.

GOLD AND DROSS

on the bookshelves

MY husband and I have lately been having a good deal of discussion over a matter upon which we cannot agree. We are shopkeepers, with a small general store in a town on the coast frequented by visitors during the season.

One of our activities is a small lending library, with books lent out at twopence a volume a week.

We have three children, one small boy of eight and two girls, aged respectively twelve and fourteen.

Both the girls are useful in the shop, and until recently we thought looking after the library and keeping the accounts of it was quite an ideal job for them.

Our difficulty has come through the girls' reading. Some books, suitable enough for adults, are not what one would choose for a young girl.

Some give a decidedly warped view of married life and sex; others give descriptions of persons and scenes that I, at least, feel young people would be better for knowing nothing about.

Therefore, since all our children are great readers, I say it is our duty to set definite limits and insist that certain authors only shall be read by them.

On the other hand, my husband says that that is the surest way to arouse an unhealthy curiosity and make them determined to see what is in the books we are making a fuss about.

My husband says he would rather have the children know that there are two sides of life and learn about it at home than wait until they get out into the world and have their eyes opened in such a way as to receive a shock.

"HUMANIST" says: Within certain limits, your husband's view is the sensible one.

But I fully agree that the views of life as presented by novelists are not always equal in value.

There is gold and there is dross, and those parents who can teach their children to discriminate and prefer the good to the bad are the wisest.

They are guiding their choice into wise channels that will stand them in excellent stead right through life.

LITTLE SHOES

—a foster-mother's love

A MARRIED woman, with a real love for little children, when my next-door neighbour, a young, married woman, died in childbirth three years ago, I did all I could do to help.

When I saw the tiny mite crying beside its dead mother my heart ached unbearably. There seemed only one thing to be done.

Although I had little ones of my own, I added the motherless mite to my family, caring for it as though it were my own.

Of course, I expected the father, when he had got over the trouble, to contribute towards its maintenance, and at least show a little gratitude.

But, on the contrary, he never even asked after the baby's welfare, but went about free and careless, like a single, unattached man.

Still, we loved the child, and I especially clung to it because the doctor said that but for my timely care it might have followed its mother to the grave.

Now, through closing of the mills, times have worsened for us. I ventured to tell the father of my foster-child that it badly needed little shoes, and he replied: "Why bother? Give it up and I'll get it into an institution."

It would break my heart to part with it, but we are almost penniless, and I would like to know what is best to do.

"HUMANIST" says: You have acted a true mother's part, but the first consideration now is the child's upbringing and welfare. Appeal to the local authority on its behalf.

Whether it decides to leave it in your care or considers that it will be best in an institution, it will give consideration to your claims and insist that the father shoulders his financial responsibility.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE" FUND

When the War was over his Fight Began

THIS Scottish ex-Service man whose photo we give has had an exceptionally hard fight. He was in a military hospital for part of the war, then back to France.

But he thinks lightly of what he endured there. "*When I came home*," he states, "my trouble began. I started work in the brickfield, and at that time my wife took ill and went through an operation.

"Then I was carried out of the brickworks for dead. I was sent to hospital. But I never got my work back because I was not fit for it.

"My first boy was given twenty-four hours to live, and there are times when we have to keep him from school. Then my little girl had to go to hospital with a poisoned foot."

Another child was born with a twisted foot which had to be operated on.

During a long period of unemployment, a baby girl died. The man has only been able to work for a total of four and a half years since the war, and has passed through bitter periods of being put "off the dole."

His hardest blow, however, fell a few weeks ago, when, within eight days, two of his little boys passed away in the infirmary. Another grief is that his wife is in ill-health and should be in hospital.

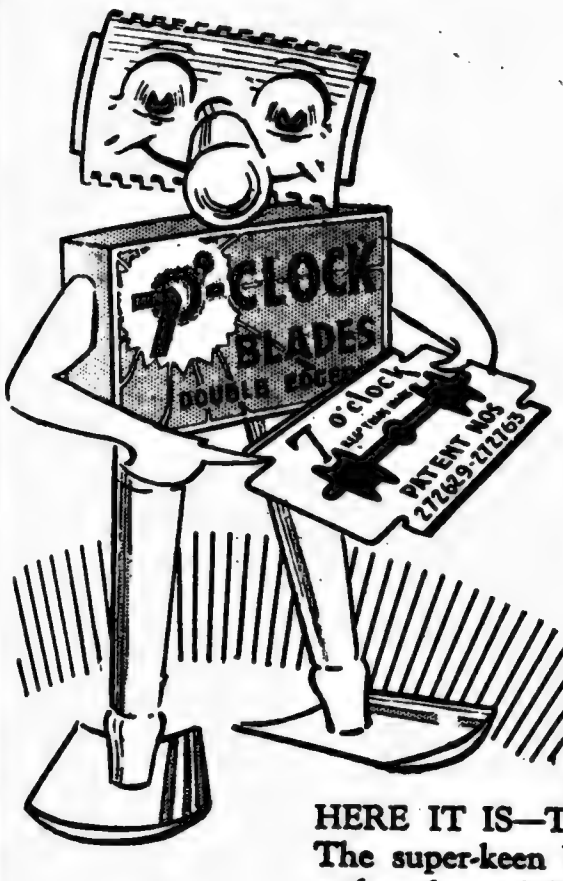
There are three children, aged seven, five and three years, still living, and on his slender weekly income of the "dole" he has struggled to pay off arrears of rent, which he has managed to reduce to 25s.

• • •

If such a brave fighter needs any further recommendation, here is a sentence from his credentials: "He will put to a good use any assistance that he gets."

What the assistance amounts to depends on the subscriptions we receive earmarked for his case.

All donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Where names and addresses are given, acknowledgments will be sent by post.



BRITISH MADE

FOUR for a BOB!

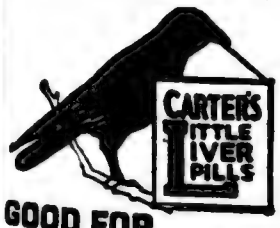
HERE IT IS—The Seven O'clock! The super-keen blade that is sold at four for a shilling! Put a Seven O'clock in your two-edge razor, and learn something new about shaving comfort! Seven O'clock the blade that lasts longer—better and sharper than those that cost more. Four for a shilling.

For Gillette Razors.

7 O'CLOCK BLADES

DOUBLE EDGED

From all Dealers



GOOD FOR CONSTIPATION

Your intestinal tract is 32 feet long and if every inch of it is not disinfected and cleared regularly every day, millions of germs breed, poisons pass into your blood and gases generate, making you feel altogether miserable. Everything depends upon your Liver. If you have let it become sluggish or inactive — no wonder you suffer from Constipation, Flatulence and Headaches. Dr. Carter's Little Liver Pills go direct to the origin of the trouble, they stimulate the sluggish liver, the bowels are relieved in a natural manner, and all accumulated waste matter passes away. Small, sugar coated and easy to swallow, they never fail. All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Do You Suffer From INDIGESTION?

Without realising the fact, the great majority suffer at some time from some form of Indigestion.
Whatever the form may take, Immediate Relief will be found in

DR. JENNER'S ABSORBENT LOZENGES

Made only by Savory & Moore since 1796 to the original formula of the celebrated Dr. Jenner. They owe their value to the remarkable way in which they absorb Acidity.

Here are a few extracts from users:—

INDIGESTION.—I have tried everything I have seen advertised. Nothing has done me any good. I dreaded to eat, but now one Lozenge has the desired effect."

FLATULENCE.—" I am delighted—they are truly magical in their effect. All symptoms of Flatulence are at once dispersed, also the oppressive feeling of fulness."

HUNGER PAIN.—" The only things I know that take away that intense Hunger Pain and acute suffering." (Medical Man).

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, of all Chemists.

FREE SAMPLE for Trial will be sent on receipt of coupon addressed to Savory and Moore, Ltd., 143A, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"Each tooth a perfect Ivory Castle—keep on using GIBBS DENTIFRICE"

Those twice-yearly visits to the Dentist. Do you fear them? You need not if you use Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day. For Gibbs Dentifrice is the Dentist's strongest ally. Dental Authorities and Educationists agree that Gibbs is "as near ideal as a Dentifrice can be."

And it is so delightful to use. Its fragrant foam is like 'a breeze in the mouth.' Such a penetrating foam. It reaches every tiny crevice of the teeth—cleans thoroughly, purifies, refreshes; and polishes safely, beautifully. Buy a case of Gibbs Dentifrice for each member of your family today.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

THE MOST ECONOMICAL DENTIFRICE.

Gibbs is the world's best Dentifrice and also the most economical. A dainty pink tablet in a neat, handy, hygienic aluminium case: Popular size 7½d.; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d. Gibbs Dental Cream, in Tubes 6d and 1/-; for those who want all the advantages of Gibbs Dentifrice in cream form.

D. & W. GIBBS LTD. LONDON, E.1.

GD228

£850

Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 129.

In the above contest, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £800 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £400 will be despatched.

T. A Corbett, 25, Fairfield Terrace, Bradford.
Mrs. D. Newall, 52, Addington Road, Irthlingborough, Northants.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of the £800 must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 22nd, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 28 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 15s. 9d.

28 Runners-up — 1 error each.

Bell, J., 2, Warwick Lane, E.C.4; Cooper, Mrs. J., 4, Clifton Pk. Rd., Bristol; Crowder, Mrs. A., 215, Lockwood Rd., Huddersfield; Davies, M.s A., 40 Robert St., Newport, Mon.; Gilson, Mrs., 51, Tylney Rd., Forest Gate, E.7; Graham, L., 2, Sudley Tce., Bognor Regis; Hammond, P., 104, Brynland Ave., Bristol; Harrington, F. J., 31, High St., Romford, Essex; Higgins, Mrs. H. M., 95, Kent Rd., Heeley, Sheffield; Hutchinson, R., "Ainsbury," Broadway, Halton, Leeds; Jones, H., 9, Waverley St., Bootle, Lancs; Madine, R., 25, Delamore St., Kirkdale, Liverpool; Marsham, R. B., 554, Holderness Rd., Hull; Moncur, M., 33, Middleton Ave., Hove; Newall, G., "Kingfishers," Wraysbury, Bucks; Nixon, R., 50, Mill St., Crewe, Ches.; Packman, V., 28, Devonshire Rd., Dover; Pearce, F. J. W., 2, Excelsior Tce., Kenley, Surrey; Pitcher, Mrs. C., 156, Merton Rd., Wimbledon, S.W.19; Randa, C., 4A, Queen's Rd., Upper Norwood, S.E.19; Rider, D., 137, Crescent Rd., Middlesbrough; Robertson L. A., 83, Longley St., Westgate Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Ruff, Miss K., Fulbeck, Lincoln; Saunders, J., 7, Gosford St., Belfast; Sinclair, M.s M., "May Villa," Queen's Drive, Broughton, Preston; Slyfield, E., "Lyndale," Reading Rd., Winnersh, Berks; Tall, Mrs. A., 51, Stanley Rd., Wellingborough; Winter, Mrs. M., 10, Park Ave., South Hornsey, N.8.

Another Splendid Cross-word with a First Prize of £600 and £200 for Runners-up appears on page 32. Try your Skill NOW!

RACING & FOOTBALL

A CERTAINTY:

It is a certainty that you will be paid in full if you place your commissions with

THE "BIG TWO"

Letter Commissions

accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with Rules. Daily Settlements. WINNINGS BY RETURN.

ST. LEGER
CESAREWITCH
CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Back Your Fancy Now

and obtain over the odds

PRICE LIST BY RETURN of POST

FREE THE 'BIG TWO' COMPLETE FOOTBALL ANNUAL

Acclaimed by the Press as the Finest Annual published.

Send for it at once, also the Famous "CHALLENGER" Long Odds Totalisator and Nothing Barred, Nothing Starred, Fixed Priced (Credit) Coupons.

THE BIG TWO DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD. 227 BATH ST., GLASGOW, C.2

(J.B.)

NEW HAIR
Grown on
BALDHEADS
By Using KOTALKO

When baldness threatens, hundreds of fellow-workmen of Mr. James Bindley in Nuneaton remember what Kotalko did for him.

"I had no hair on my head at all," he states, "not a single hair. At the hospital they said I should never have another hair as long as I lived."

"Seeing how many had got new hair by using Kotalko, I bought a box, also Kotalko Soap, and used them for a few minutes every day. The new hair soon began to grow, and no one seeing the complete new growth in natural colour would credit that I had been bald. My hairdresser and many others can confirm all I say."

TEST-BOX COUPON.

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
2, Percy Street (53T.D.), London, W.1.

Please send me post paid Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Practise Economy
and
CASH THE COUPONS

Economy is now the watchword. Put it into practice by cashing the JOHN BULL Pen Coupons. See the Great New Pen Offer on page 34.

Our Letter Parliament

Should Courting Couples Share Expenses?

MARRIAGE is a "partnership" and courtship is the apprenticeship. The happiest couples are those who do not disregard the "business" side of courtship.

Very often the girl's salary almost equals the boy's, and if they want to speed up the happy day and both are endowed with common-sense, then their "savings-box" will be a common one.

In order that each may manage to put a similar amount therein, the expenses should be shared.

How can a boy take his sweetheart away for a fortnight's holiday, pay the double expenses, and still save for the little home?

Those who are going to be happily married never argue about this. Their purse is a common one—just as their future happiness will be.—*Lilian G. Alderson (Miss), Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

Life Indeed

Gad, sir, we should have taken this question as an insult in my young days.

To us, the woman's company was an honour not lightly esteemed, and her smiles were abundant return for any expenses.

To give pleasure to the beloved, at whatever financial sacrifice, was to have lived indeed. When we had, by much self-denial, saved enough to take our sweetheart on an outing, how proud we were and how manly we felt!

That pleasure will be unknown to the modern young man who permits his sweetheart to share expenses. That isn't love, but business.—*Grandfather, Hull.*

That's That

Would the opinion of a flapper of sixteen be of interest?

As a girl, I think that it's really nobody's business but that of the young couple, and if they choose to share, then that's that.

My boy has not a lot of money to spend, so if I like to pay for the pictures sometimes, why shouldn't I?

I like his company, and I think he likes mine, and if by putting our money together we can be with each other, well, we shall do so, so there!—*Georgina, Hull.*

Revolting

It is time that the male species reverted to the old order of things, and became men, not puppies.

This fifty-fifty business, the weak supporting the strong, is too revolting for words.

If a man cannot entertain his young lady, how in the name of common-sense is he going to sustain his old woman?

A genuine young "Miss" will obviously shun unnecessarily expensive entertainments—a practical and delicate way of sharing expenses.—*Jimmy, Derby.*

Man's Vanity

Man is a vain individual, and nothing panders more to his vanity than that delightful feeling of possession which invariably accompanies his paying for his "girl."

If circumstances permit, he alone should pay; if not, they should share their expenses.

I am an undergraduate, and I shall be at least twenty-three before I can hope to earn a living. In the meantime, have I to shun the company of my own "girl" merely because at present I can't afford to pay for two?

Like many more couples, we believe in each paying his and her own expenses.—*Varsity, Wigan.*

Too Much

I belong to a race reputed to be mean, but I would consider myself a super-Scotsman were I to ask my best girl to share expenses with me.

If a decent fellow is courting a girl, he means (or ought) to marry her, and he should show her by his little kindnesses and touches of generosity that he is really a good-hearted man, and fit to be her mate.—*A. Mackie, Kirkcaldy.*

A Close-Up

The idea of the girl paying fifty-fifty with her sweetheart looks a bit fantastic on the surface.

But when it is realised that women claim equality in everything with men, then there is no reason why they should not share the financial responsibilities.

It will do much more in the way of giving each a close-up view of the other's character than anything else could do.

It might also be the means of preventing many a matrimonial disaster, as 75 per cent. of unhappy marriages can be traced to thriftlessness.—*T. H., Govan.*

Cheap Sacrifice

I cannot imagine a young man with any grit telling his fiancée how much he loves her and that he would sacrifice anything and everything for her love, and then when they go to the theatre or picture-house saying, "Pay up."

I cannot see much love in a courtship of that description.

I should think, if he were so mean when courting, he would be even more so when married, and life would be intolerable.—*J. W. Colliss, Derbyshire.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10/- will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, September 15.

Are Film Stars Worth Their Money?

Better Chance

One of the reasons I was able to marry earlier than I otherwise should have done was that my fiancée always insisted upon paying her share of our expenses.

That, in her opinion, gave me a better chance to save for our future home. I admired her for it, and saved far more than I should otherwise have done.

Now we share a comfortable home, expenses, and the few sorrows which befall everyone.—*F. G., Peterborough.*

The Limit

There is nothing more degrading to a man than to allow the opposite sex to share expenses during courting days.

A man at once loses his manliness and the confidence in himself, and one finds in time that his respect for the girl is wavering.

Even if his funds are limited, the right type of girl sees to it that they go to places and do things within that limit, and allows him always to pay.—*Mrs. Saffeny, London.*

Privileges

Courting couples should share expenses. After all, there are many girls nowadays who receive as much money as, or even more than, their boy friends, and it is hardly fair to expect the boys to pay every time.

Surely, in these enlightened days of "equality," it is time we released the long-suffering male from his money troubles?

Most girls (excluding the reputed "gold-diggers") would much rather pay their share, and help to secure their future home and happiness; but how can they do so when the embarrassed male insists on his "privileges"?—*Progress, Crewe.*

* * *

Small Treats

If the swain cannot afford to treat his lass, then he should stop at home with his mum.—*Scotty, Dundee.*

Couples who share their expenses prove their understanding of one another, without which married life is bound to fail.—*W. G., York.*

Most women would prefer to share expenses if this could be done without offending the pride of their escort.—*C. S., Tottenham.*

A girl who pays her share is not independent, but wise; and a broadminded man should respect her point of view.—*E. Mason, Hants.*

If the idea of couples paying their own expenses were adopted, there would be more pleasure, freedom and friendship between men and women.—*Lilian Marsh, Nottingham.*

To introduce the "costing system into courtship is the surest way to make what should be the best phase of life —*F. C., Notts.*

If I were a girl and my boy friend expected me to share the expenses of plitures, etc., I should think that I had got hold of the wrong guy.—*H. Greenock.*

OUR EXPERT'S FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

Matches played on September 12

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) NEWCASTLE v. Chelsea.
(2) HUDDERSFIELD v. West Ham.
(3) ARSENAL v. Sunderland.
**(4) ASTON VILLA v. Grimsby.
(5) BLACKBURN v. Derby.
(6) Blackpool v. Birmingham.
(7) BOLTON v. Portsmouth.
(8) EVERTON v. Manchester City.
(9) Leicester v. Liverpool.
(10) Middlesbrough v. WEDNESDAY.
(11) Sheffield United v. W.B. ALBION.

SECOND DIVISION.
(1) PLYMOUTH v. Bradford City.
**(2) WOLVES v. Chesterfield.
(3) BARNSLEY v. Swansea.
**(4) BRADFORD v. Forest.
(5) BRISTOL CITY v. Millwall.
(6) CHARLTON v. Burnley.
(7) Manchester United v. Hotspur.
(8) NOTTS v. Leeds.
(9) Oldham v. Port Vale.
(10) SOUTHAMPTON v. Bury.
(11) STOKE v. Preston.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).
(1) WATFORD v. Bristol Rovers.
(2) Reading v. NORTHAMPTON.
(3) BOSCOMBE v. Exeter.
*(4) BRENTFORD v. Coventry.
*(5) BRIGHTON v. Orient.
*(6) CRYSTAL PALACE v. Q.P. Rangers.
*(7) FULHAM v. Luton.
(8) MANSFIELD v. Torquay.
(9) NORWICH v. Swindon.
(10) SOUTHEND v. Cardiff.
(11) THAMES v. Gillingham.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).
(1) York v. Stockport.
(2) SOUTHPORT v. Accrington.
(3) Barrow v. New Brighton.
(4) CHESTER v. Halifax.
(5) HARTLEPOOLS v. Darlington.
(6) ROCHDALE v. Carlisle.
(7) Crewe v. Wigan.
(8) HULL v. Gateshead.
*(9) LINCOLN v. Walsall.
(10) TRANMERE v. Rotherham.
(11) DONCASTER v. Wrexham.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
**(1) MOTHERWELL v. Falkirk.
(2) ST. MIRREN v. Morton.
(3) Airdrie v. Hamilton.
(4) Ayr v. Kilmarnock.
**(5) CELTIC v. Queen's Park.
(6) COWDENBEATH v. Leith.
*(7) DUNDEE v. Dundee United.
(8) HEARTS v. Aberdeen.
(9) Partick v. RANGERS.
(10) THIRD LANARK v. Clyde.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—4(*H*); Div. II.—2(*H*), 4(*H*); Southern Section—5(*H*); Scottish League—8(*H*) would indicate Aston Villa, Wolverhampton, Bradford, Brighton and Celtic.

Germolene
Brand
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

This way for SPEEDY RELIEF!

No more long months of *waiting*, anxious *waiting*, for the relief that it seems will *never* come! No more worrying doubt, waiting weeks to see if *this* ointment is going to do you any good. NO more pain, NO more maddening itch; Germolene Ointment's unique ASEPTIC action will bring you relief now, TO-DAY, *in one minute!*

Germolene Ointment SOOTHED THIS BAD LEG at a TOUCH

"For FIVE years I've had an agonising bad leg. I tried all sorts of treatments and special advice for it; but no good. I could get no sleep at night for the pain. Then I tried Germolene Ointment, which soothed at a touch; I only had a box and a half, and the leg got well in no time!"—E. E. Jones, Birmingham.

It's the ASEPTIC action of Germolene Ointment that does it!

Walk straight into the nearest chemists NOW, and pay fifteen pence for a small tin of Germolene Ointment! Smooth the cool, soothing cream over the sore place, feel throbbing pain lessen, die away, VANISH almost immediately! Feel maddening itching and irritation STOP—for good—*while you wait!*

The fastest healer for: PILES, BAD LEGS, ULCER, RASH, ECZEMA, CUTS, BURNS and all skin troubles

UNIQUE ASEPTIC ACTION.

ONLY *ASEPTIC* TREATMENT WILL—

1. Soothe at a touch, start rapid healing immediately.
2. Gently, but firmly, EJECT germs and poisons.
3. Heal the worst wound in record time—without scars!

Germolene
Brand
ASEPTIC OINTMENT 1/3 & 3/-

NOW YOU CAN CONQUER YOUR CATARRH AND HEAD NOISES

I WILL TELL YOU HOW—FREE!

You can now BANISH your catarrh and once more enjoy normal health not only for a few months but PERMANENTLY. However long you've suffered, I say you can stop your catarrh suffering almost immediately. Sounds too good to be true? Well, it IS true. I KNOW it. I've PROVED it, and I'll prove it to YOU, free of cost, NOW.

NASAL CATARRH ORIGINATES in the COLON

Nasal Catarrh DOES NOT begin and end in the nose. It is right through the system. Nasal Catarrh commences in the COLON and lowers the resistance of the body. Thus germ invaders are permitted to remain in the nasal cavities and multiply. Result, closed nostrils and mouth breathing. Germs breed in throat and ears, causing throat trouble and head noises. Germ-infected mucus from the head and throat is swallowed WHILE ASLEEP. This causes INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN and CONSTIPATION. Prior to the important discovery that catarrh commences in the colon, it was thought that by using inhalants, douches, sprays, atomisers, etc., to treat the NOSE AND THROAT, the trouble would disappear. YOU HAVE USED THESE METHODS AND STILL HAVE CATARRH. Every remedy based on the wrong idea that catarrh is confined to the nasal cavities is a FAILURE, and now you know WHY.

SOMETHING NEW—DIFFERENT—SUCCESSFUL

The only way to banish your catarrh is to remove the cause. Never mind what you've tried or how many times you've been disappointed. I KNOW you've not yet used the RIGHT method and want you to use it NOW—*without risking One Penny.* It's a new way—entirely different and successful. Under its influence the CAUSE of hawking, spitting, sneezing, nose-blowing, heartburn, head-noises, nausea, dizziness, partial deafness and headaches is quickly and corrected. No need to wait and pay out a lot of money. You can stop your catarrh suffering permanently OVERNIGHT.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

Does your nose feel stuffed up?
Does mucus drop into your throat?
Have you noises in the head?
Is your hearing failing?
Do you catch cold easily?
Is your breath offensive?
Do you cough up phlegm?
Is your throat sore?
Is there a tickling in your throat?
Is your memory poor?
Do you get tired quickly?

CATARRH IS DANGEROUS

Catarrh is dangerous as well as unpleasant. It induces physical and mental dullness—undermines your health and weakens your will. Neglected, it leads to serious throat diseases, total deafness, gastritis, asthma, bronchitis, etc. Don't waste any more time or money on WORTHLESS NOSTRUMS, but ask me to tell you how you can get rid of your catarrh and head-noises, not merely for a day, a week, a month, or a year, but permanently. Send no money—just tear out this announcement, write your name and full address on its margin and post to-day.

Allan Cooper,
33, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

DONT SEND ONE PENNY

Pain after Eating
ACIDITY, GASTRITIS, & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 108), 48, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE.

FROM £3 15s CASH TERMS

Chas. T. Robey
CYCLE WAREHOUSE, NO 24, COVENTRY

See Back Cover

New Smooth White Skin In 3 Days

Enlarged Pores and Blackheads Gone Forever!

Unsightly blackheads, pimples, blotches, rough skin scales and sallow darkened colour, have their beginning in enlarged pores—pores that become clogged with greasy dirt, which cannot be washed out. Every enlarged pore is due to skin pore irritation.

Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour (non-greasy) penetrates the pores instantly, soothes irritated skin-glands, dissolves out pore deep dirt and blackheads, tightens enlarged pores to normal, whitens and softens dark rough skin. By its tonic astringent and nourishing action, the driest skin is toned up and freshened. Oiliness and shiny nose are also completely banished.

Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour (non-greasy) now contains a marvellous new soft creamy wax, extracted from flowers, combined with predigested dairy cream and olive oil. It gives indescribable new, smooth, white skin-beauty in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way.

Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour every morning. White 1/- & 1/6. Rose 1/3 & 2/-

CROSS, PEEVISH GIRLS.

More to be Pitied than Blamed.

"She seems to be so irritable and peevish lately I don't know what is coming to her," said a mother about her seventeen-year-old daughter. It is astonishing the number of girls who "can't get on with mother." They are pale, fretful and cross, often in bed with a headache—a sad contrast to the bright girls they were a year or two ago.

Those pale lips, backaches, breathlessness and languor tell the whole story to an observant eye. She is growing into womanhood, and Nature is asking more of her than she can bear. She has pains and aches that no one pities because she has grown melancholy and silent. She has queer fancies; will eat sweets while she refuses wholesome food.

Naturally, her temper is bound to suffer; it isn't your girl's fault that she is cross and peevish. She has become bloodless. Give her the rich blood that Dr. Williams' pink pills are famous for making, and you will soon see the difference. It will show in her improved appetite, better temper, and the return of colour to her cheeks.

FREE.—Every girl and every girl's mother should read "Nature's Warnings." Send a p.c. to C.H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

If you want a better cigarette, roll it with

AG

The PAPER of perfect purity, specially made for rolling cigarettes

TWO FINE PRIZES FOR "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD

THERE are TWO splendid prizes offered in this week's "John Bull" Crossword. A £600 first and £200 to be divided amongst the Runners-up. This is an opportunity not to be missed. Take advantage of this offer and enter this most interesting contest NOW. The big prizes must be won by somebody—why not by you?

"JOHN BULL" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £200 will be divided between those competitors who enter a square containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 24th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 1st.

Winners in X-Word No. 129 appear on page 29.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 130

F	A	B	L	E		T	O	O	L	D				
A	I	R	I	L	Y		P	I	A	N	O			
C	L	A	D		E	V	E		V	A	T			
E		V		S	W	A	N		A	S	S			
S	C	E	N	T		N		L	A					
	R		E	A	S	E		Y	E	L	L			
C	Y	D	E	R		S	L	I	M		O			
O	E			F	I	N	K		F					
D	O	V	E		O	T		G	R	I	T			
	V	I	C	T	O	R	Y		O	L	D			
C	A	S	H		D	O	E		B	O	X			
	L	E	O			T	A	P	E					

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 130 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-Word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, September 17th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double Entry Forms—(Four Squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, October 1st.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, **Tuesday, October 13th,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £200 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

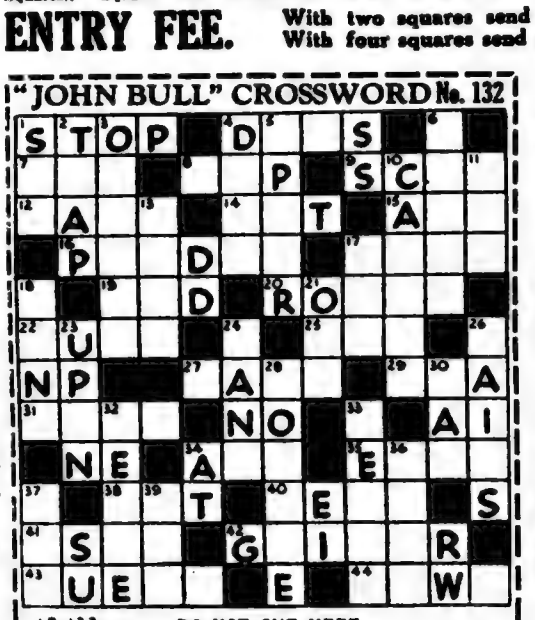
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

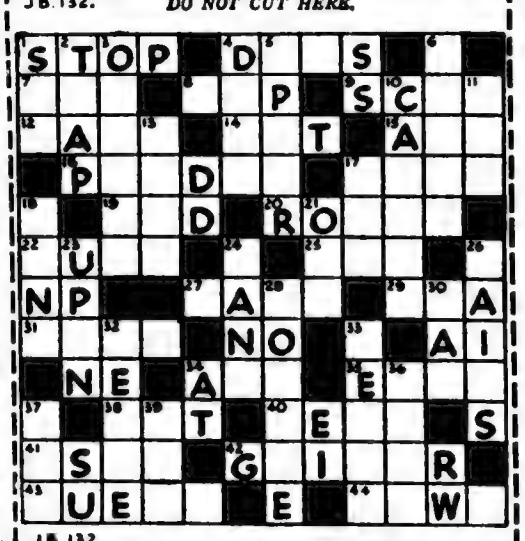
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. } See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 132



JB.132. *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB.132.
In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, SEPT. 17

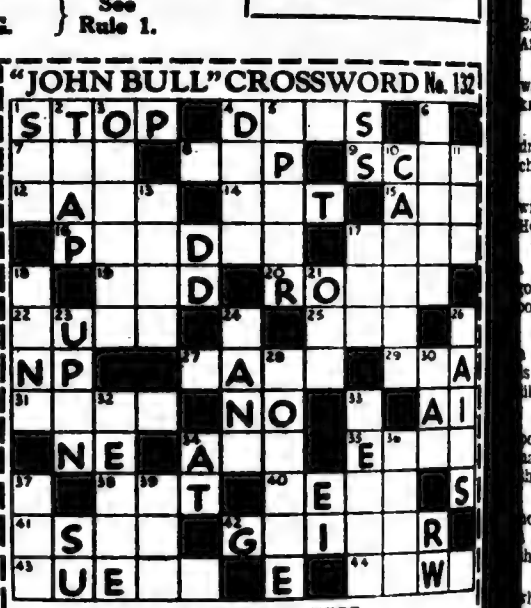
CLUES ACROSS.

1. Cease.
4. You have to pay these.
7. Tea is often served from.
8. Most refreshing when you're tired.
9. Scrutinise.
12. Goes in with a knock.
14. Appropriate.
15. Consumed.
16. Grotesquely clipped pet dog.
17. On one occasion.
19. Quick movement of the head.
20. Fresh-water fish.
22. Expel.
25. "Here we —— again."
27. Conserves your water supply.
29. Meadow.
31. Such medals are usually treasured.
34. Obtain the total of.
35. Gain by service.
38. Large tank for liquors.
40. Expensive.
41. Makes use of.
42. Motorless aeroplane.
43. Enters into party games.
44. This is something catching.

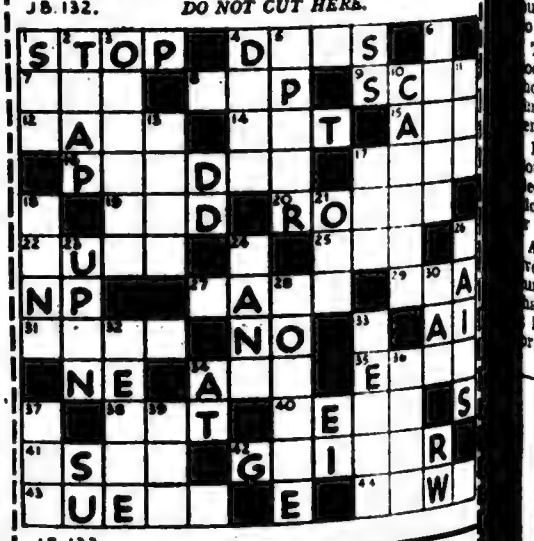
CLUES DOWN.

1. This melts quickly.
2. A snare.
3. Are associated with tripe.
4. Face of a clock.
5. Higher.
6. Fitting which stops movement.
10. Annul.
11. Indicates a maiden name.
13. Plunder.
17. Necessary to a rowing boat.
18. Only music father appreciates.
21. Our wooden ships were made of this.
23. "Once —— a time."
24. Is often foreign in restaurant.
26. These supply our water.
28. Comic name for head.
30. Used in hearing.
32. Royal reception.
33. Wine is often this.
36. Enclosed space.
37. You can see yours only in a mirror.
39. Donkey.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 132



JB.132. *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB.132.
In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

SIGNED.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, SEPT. 17

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 132), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Write to "John Bull" About It!

BRITISHER (Luton).—"America won't have me." That's hard on us.

G. M. (Frome).—"September is here." Audited and found correct.

M. F. (Atherstone).—"Singing at work increases production." You would find it hard to convince a glass-blower.

V. J. (Hull).—"Why do so many business men write illegibly?" They haven't time to consult dictionaries.

P. N. (Ayr).—"There are too many car bandits in this country." What would you consider the correct number?

D. P. (Hitchin).—"What is Long Acre famous for?" We are much too modest to say.

R. N. (Repton).—"I think this letter of mine is a little above the average." Then never send us an average one.

R. M. (Bungay).—"Where are the best footballers to be found?" On cigarette cards.

T. P. (Grendon).—"Farmers have nothing to grumble about this year." That's enough to make them grouse.

G. N. (Bodmin).—"Can you tell my character from my handwriting?" Yes, but we hope it is not true.

T. R. (Boston).—"I always switch on to hear the weather forecast." What a morbid taste.

C. Y. (Hawick).—"My big brother is bringing this poem to your office." Coward!

W. A. (Manchester).—"I always whistle in face of danger." So do other football referees.

T. S. (Paignton).—"The instalment system has come to stay." But a lot of things bought that way haven't.

L. J. (Brighton).—"When will a British heavyweight champion arise?" After the count of ten.

J. M. (Exeter).—"What do women want with bowler hats, I should like to know?" Feathers.

J. S. (Victoria).—"The London taxi-driver is an artist." But not a quick-change artist.

A. C. T. (Lewisham).—"Most poetry written in the summer is very poor." How appropriate.

W. S. (Oxford).—"Can you give me a suggestion on how to make a party go?" Start telling him about that ten-pounder that just got away.

Mrs. I. (Richmond).—"I am having a dress made of a new material which is delightfully limp." What is the price like—frightfully stiff?

M. D. (Glasgow).—"The majority of people fail to realise that the sun is nature's medicine." It doesn't dawn on them.

Miss G. (Halifax).—"Some people hold that finding a spider's web denotes a forthcoming marriage." Others hold that it brings luck.

R. C. A. (London, N.).—"Do you know why I always write in pencil?" Leave out the "in pencil" and we'd still like to know.

T. D. (Ilford).—"How many packages does the average woman collect in a shopping expedition?" About three times as many as her husband can conveniently carry.

B. H. (Sheffield).—"Is it true that a South American dictator is to be married?" We shouldn't be surprised; all dictatorships come to an end sooner or later.

A. M. (Aberdeen).—"There have been five weddings in one Scottish family during the past year." We understand that, as the next oldest is still at school, it has been decided to sell the confetti for what it will fetch.

Health Expert (Leeds).—"What does a man always forget when bathing in the sea?" In which tent he left his clothes.

R. M. (Tamworth).—"What should one drink when one has hiccups?" Less.

P. M. (Seven Kings).—"I did not marry for wealth or beauty, but for sympathy." You have ours.

A. C. C. (Glasgow).—"I spent five pounds on holiday with my fiancée." Hadn't she any more?

C. N. V. (Saltley).—"A well-known jazz composer is extremely deaf." That's no excuse.

J. F. (Goole).—"After all, it is every man's aim to procure food." This doesn't apply to our waiter.

O. B. (Bow).—"I don't bileve nothing wot I sees printed in the pappers." Or in the dictionary, we imagine.

Miss C. (Blackpool).—"A new popular song is entitled 'It Is the Last.'" But the trouble is that it isn't; there are sure to be lots more.

UNCLE JACK (Chelmsford).—"People simply run after me for my comic songs." Then why on earth don't you stop singing them?

"HEALTH" (St. Andrews).—"The man who gets up at 5 a.m. is never unwell." But, on the other hand, he gets up at 5 a.m.

A. R. (Bodmin).—"I started as a 'bus conductor, and after several years I'm only a driver." Anyhow, you've made your way to the front.

T. D. (Watford).—"I bought an old car for £20 and drove to London in it. When I arrived, somebody stole it." Serves him right.

H. P. (Liskeard).—"No one can tell for certain what a new day will bring." But one can make a very good guess—rain.

The Editor Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

V. P. (Oxshott).—"I live in a house that is haunted." By the rent collector?

B. F. (Crewe).—"Is no news good news?" Not for reporters.

Mrs. T. (Edgware).—"The weeds in my garden make me laugh." Hoe, hoe!

R. W. (Warwick).—"Have all Americans put drink on one side?" No, behind, in their hip-pockets.

H. B. M. (Oldham).—"I think nothing of working for a farmer all my annual holiday." Nor do we.

S. N. (Bristol).—"The pound goes farther now." So much farther in fact that we seldom get it back.

E. C. (Wood Green).—"I have always had to stand up for myself." We travel by Underground, too.

D. S. (Wimbledon).—"I am always wrapped up in my thoughts." Mind you don't catch a nasty cold.

G. M. (Ryde).—"I may pop over to London next week and may pop in to see you." And then you may pop off.

F. W. (Herne Bay).—"The weather doesn't agree with me." Are you a weather forecaster?

B. P. (Bath).—"This has been the worst summer I can remember." And the best one you can forget.

H. N. (Bude).—"How can the servant problem be solved?" By stopping those cheap day excursions.

H. N. (Wivenhoe).—"I know how to deal with card-sharpers." That's wiser than letting them deal.

J. H. (London).—"My eldest boy has borrowed a large sum of money from me." A touch of the son.

F. W. (Guiseley).—"A woman finds it quite an easy matter to deceive anybody." The hand that rocks the cradle fools the world.

S. P. (Aberdeen).—"I am starting a campaign against the lipstick." As if young men have not been setting their faces against it for years.

M. L. (Manchester).—"An immense number of railway lines run out of this city." We don't blame them in the least.

G. S. (Belmont).—"All the people who have done great things in life have been alone." Especially on a golf course or when fishing.

TOM (Margate).—"When I get time I will come along to see you personally." When you get time, my boy, they won't let you out.

P. D. (Bury).—"I see that some of the competitors at a beauty contest came to blows." That must have made the judge's task a lot easier.

F. C. G. (Perth).—"Everything comes to him who waits." Not the £500 and 100 new prizes offered on page 35. You must enter for them within the next few days.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Oxford).—"How often does an adult do something and then feel like running away and hiding himself?" We did the other day, when we trumped our wife's ace at bridge.

G. M. (London, N.).—"I know a man who can lift a red-hot coal from the fire with his fingers and light a cigarette." We should like to have seen him do that in our seaside boarding-house.

H. W. (Broadstairs).—"A writer says that only those who have suffered can write modern fiction." Then any one who has read modern fiction should be able to write it.

F. R. (London, W.).—"I have never bought a newspaper in my life." You sound suspiciously like the man who sits opposite us in the train each morning.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cutting must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

BELFAST NEWS-LETTER:—"The houses were made almost INHABITABLE by the damage caused by lightning."

GIRLS' NOVEL LIBRARY:—"She dragged herself away and was soon back again in her room and PROPPED UP IN BED BY THE LIGHT OF ONE CANDLE."

RAILWAY TIME TABLE:—"The proprietor cannot be responsible for any INCORRACY that may have occurred."

LOWESTOFT JOURNAL:—"There were also performing sea lions and Captain Verdona's act with FOREST-BRED sea lions."

LEICESTER ILLUSTRATED CHRONICLE:—"It is a good FRIGHT show with plenty of comedy."

THE THRILLER:—"He was a sharp-nosed, ferret-eyed man with reddish hair and a SNUB freckled nose."

SUNDAY MAIL:—"He could scarcely contain his eagerness as he went down to BREAKFAST and took his place at DINNER."

STAR:—"A woman was found guilty of 'extraordinarily bare-faced SHOP-LIGHTING.'"

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"Butler's innings was one of the most valuable he has NEVER played."

Smokers—

buy a new

Imperial

OLD BRUYERE

and win

a Cash Prize

FIRST PRIZE . . £20

30 PRIZES . . £1 EACH

£50 in Cash prizes—*All you have to do*—Buy a new IMPERIAL Old Bruyere—smoke it quietly—let it inspire "a winning last line" in this Imperial Limerick.

A pipe is the smoke for a man,
But get the best value you can,
An IMPERIAL Pipe,
Is the King of its type.

Write your *last line* on a piece of paper bearing your name and address, date of purchase of your new IMPERIAL Old Bruyere and name and address of tobacconist from whom you bought it. *Remember it is a condition of entry that you have bought a new IMPERIAL Old Bruyere after September 1st, 1931* Post before October 9th to "Limerick K" The Civic Co., Ltd., Hammersmith, London, W 6. Results will be announced in the press on October 23rd.

Made and Guaranteed by
THE CIVIC COMPANY LTD.
LONDON, W.6.

The largest Manufacturers of Pipes in the World.

100 shapes to choose from

2/6

A Wonderful Pipe for the Money

INDIGESTION IS AVOIDABLE

Probably everybody suffers at times with indigestion in one form or another, but it all can be avoided, from the mildest flatulence to the most chronic gastritis. Digestive disorder is nearly always due to excess acidity, and it is by neutralising this acidity that indigestion can be avoided. Unquestionably, the best remedy for indigestion is 'Bisurated' Magnesia because it not only instantly neutralises excess acid, but also soothes, heals, and strengthens the inflamed stomach lining and repairs damage already done. Half a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia in a little water after meals is an absolute safeguard against any form of indigestion or dyspepsia. 'Bisurated' Magnesia costs only 1s. 3d., and if those who are troubled with heartburn, acidity, flatulence or other digestive disorders will try it they will not only get instant relief, but future attacks will be avoided.

Healthy Legs for all!

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment!

Read convincing proof below—then write for FREE SAMPLE of ELASTO and FREE BOOKLET

"Can Now Walk Long Distances with Ease."

A short time ago I decided to send for your Elasto treatment which I thought might ease my breathing which became very bad on the least exertion, also a burning pain which commenced in my leg.

Now I am thankful to say that before I had finished the second box of tablets I was completely cured and can walk long distances with ease and my breathing has now become normal; also I have been told within the last few days that I am looking much younger. You may use this testimony as you please as I cannot speak too highly of Elasto and gladly recommend it to others.

(Signed) Mrs. M. J. Roe,
Rawcliffe Lodge,
Hambleton, nr. Blackpool,
Lancs.

"All Signs Of Phlebitis Gone."

How thankful I am I gave your wonderful treatment Elasto a trial. I had been suffering from Phlebitis for six months and thought my ailment incurable without complete rest. After using Elasto however all signs of Phlebitis have disappeared. I have proved the worth of Elasto; it has cured me as you said it would and I hope other sufferers will give it a fair trial as I have done with such excellent results.

(Signed) Mrs. L. Wadey,
30, Norton Terrace,
Newhaven, Sussex.

"Feels Ten Years Younger."

My cure continues to progress and I feel ten years younger than I did when I commenced your Elasto treatment. The wonderful improvement has enabled me to continue in my employment which I thought I should have to give up.

You have my full permission to use the enclosed photograph, and I shall recommend Elasto whenever I can do so.

(Signed) Mr. John Peake,
168, Chadderton Road,
Oldham.

What Is Elasto?

Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality. It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised. Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured *naturally* and *permanently* by Elasto Treatment, without rest and at small cost. Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. LTD. (Dept. 15F.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

A tangled heap of legs and arms in front of "goal" is a common sight now that football has started again. It's "jolly good fun," say the youngsters—until a leg or an arm is broken and mother is faced with a doctor's bill.

"Your cheque received under 'John Bull's' Free Family Insurance was a nice present," writes a food mother. "It will buy extra nourishment for our boy. His broken arm has made him very seedy."

but think of the risk

Have *you* registered? If not, sign the forms below now.

CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS—£3 each.

We give below the names of a few readers who have received cheques on Account of Children' Accidents.

OLDHAM.—Mrs. E. Marsland, 59, Busk St., Chadderton.
ALFRETON, DERBYS.—Mrs. S. Smith, 15, Nottingham Rd.
STANLEYTOWN, RHONDDA.—Mr. J. Hawkins, 10, Llanwonne Rd.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. A. Hales, 11, Coronation Place, Aston Lane.
LINCOLN.—Mrs. A. C. Walker, 63, Caunt St.
NR. HUDDERSFIELD.—Mr. H. B. Robinson, 8, Paris, Holmfirth.
PONTYPRIDD.—Mr. H. M. Gray, 13, Woodland Terrace, Maesycoed.
CLAPTON PARK E.5.—Mr. J. G. Smith, 26, Oswald St.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. B. Farley, 27, Watson Rd., Alum Rock, Saltley.
SANDBANK, ARGYLL.—Mr. J. Reeves Claudyburn.
OLD PENSHAW, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. J. D. Charlton 32, Garden, Place.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. G. W. Gibson, 2, Davies St. Ancoats.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. S. Pearson, 4/33, Owen St., Bath Row.
BURNLEY, LANCS.—Mr. J. T. Hawthorne, 3, Essex Avenue.
HULL.—Mrs. A. Ashman, 13, Waverley Terrace, Hessle Rd.
OSWESTRY.—Mr. R. Evans, 12, Albert Rd.
BURNLEY, LANCS.—Mr. J. Kennedy, 73, Marlborough St.
BOLTON.—Mr. G. Lightfoot, 40, Poplar St.
HANWELL, W.7.—Mr. F. E. Doling, 9, Beresford Avenue.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Mrs. O. Thompson, 84, James St., Elswick.
SWANSEA.—Mr. J. Spillane, 45, Shelley Crescent.
BOLTON, LANCS.—Mr. R. Booth, 72, Tonge Old Rd., Tonge.
BOLTON.—Mr. R. M. Thornborough, 98, Grasmere St.
CARLISLE.—Mrs. M. J. Brown, 246, Raffles Avenue, Newtown.
STONEHAVEN.—Mr. W. Bradley, Roadside Cottage, Rickarton.
PERTH, N.B.—Mrs. J. Hoolochan, 105, High St.
ROTHERHAM, YORKS.—Mr. J. Webb, 9, Midland Rd.
KINROSS, N.B.—Mrs. P. Winvard, 10, Sluice Burn.
NR. BARNSLEY.—Mr. A. Watson, 1, Longley's Terrace, Worsbro' Dale.
DARWEN, LANCS.—Mr. W. Shuttleworth, 472, Blackburn Rd.
GUILDFORD, SURREY.—Mr. F. W. Jordan, 20, Bell Fields Rd.
NR. LOUGHBOROUGH.—Mr. A. Hoyle, 24, Cambridge St., Shepshed.
EAST DULWICH, S.E.22.—Mrs. M. F. Bungay, 73, Glengarry Rd.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—Mrs. A. M. Hope, 2, Hawthorne Rd.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. L. Patterson, 13, Eve St.
DEPTFORD, S.E.8.—Mr. H. Young, 6, Bush Rd.
AVOCH, ROSS-SHIRE.—Mrs. M. Allison, 11, Factory Buildings.
DARLINGTON.—Mr. E. Britton, 53, Allan St., Albert Hill.
NANTWICH.—Mr. J. Simpson, 11, Weaver Rd.

Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident.—John Bull covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 12/9/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull. Please register me as a regular reader.

..... Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

.....

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Name and address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B., 12/9/31.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS—

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

VALUE 3D

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed two years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 31 OCT

100 NEW PRIZES and FINE 'BULLETS' FIRST

£1 CASH
accompanies this
"Bulleteer's"
TREASURE BOOK
—an exclusive edition of Roget's Thesaurus, containing 691 pages of "Bullets" assistance and a special introduction by the Competition Editor of "John Bull"

£500

100 COPIES OF THE "BULLETEER'S" TREASURE BOOK EACH ACCOMPANIED BY £1 CASH

SECOND £50 — 10 OF £5

THIRD £25 — 10 OF £2 10

500 of 2/6. 10,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

This Week Only! ENTER BY SAT. SEPT. 19.

WIN £500 OR A GOLDEN TREASURE BOOK

THERE are two big attractions in the *Bullets* prize-list this week. One is the bumper First of £500 which is awaiting the best effort—the other is the offer of 100 copies of the "Bulleteer's" Treasure Book, each accompanied by £1 cash.

This volume is a gold-mine of carefully classified words and phrases, and should enable the keen "Bulleteer" to win much more in cash prizes than the actual £1 which comes with it.

All you have to do is to add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* adjoining and there is a *Bullet*. As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* DELICATE CHILD, the added words SONNY, WHILST MEDICINE'S NICE would complete a *Bullet*.

£880 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 816

Mr. S. CRITCHLOW, 125, Egerton Road South, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.

Example:—WHAT I THINK OF HER
Bullet:—MADE ME "BETTER MYSELF."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. HANCOX, Beacon View, Durrington, Wilts.
Example:—Mountain Of Money
Bullet:—Always Beyond Next "Hill."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. BENNETT, 1,145, Catheart Road, Glasgow.
Example:—A New Era
Bullet:—"National Mark" On *Parliament*.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. J. BRUMWELL, 22, Grafton Road, Dovercourt.
Example:—The Old
Bullet:—"Words"—"Music" To Joan.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. J. HIGGINS, 16/5 Lancers, Edinburgh.
Example:—In Memory's Garden
Bullet:—Cat sniffing "Fur Coat."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

H. AINSCOW, 139, Radford Street, Lower Kersal, Manchester.
Terrified Financier—Of Earth's Fruitfulness.

A. CALDER, Windmill, Beauly, Inverness.
Blows Of Adversity—Vainly "Pound" The "Sterling."

N. G. FISHLOCK, Wilton House, 2, Athelstan Road, Chatham.
Down In The Depths—Cadger's "Line" When "Sounding."

T. FRENCH, 124, Low Street, Sunderland.
Job Before Us—Cleaning "Slate"—And "Windows."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss A. HARRISON, 54, Mimosa Road, Liverpool.
Helping Father—Grandfather, With Sonny's Homework.

J. HUTCHINSON, 10, Dove Road, Liverpool.
Blows of Adversity—*Closed* Factories Are "Delivering."

S. S. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash.
Home They Came And—Light Burning *Wasn't* Welcome.

T. REYNOLDS, 56, Slag Lane, Lowton, Newton-le-Willows, Lancs.
In Memory's Garden—"Rose" That Tended *Me*.

H. STEPHENS, 1, Collingwood Villas, Edgar Street, Hereford.
Piano Next Door—"Competing" With This Entry!

Mrs. E. WARD, 11, London Road, Crayford, Kent.
What I Think Of Her—The World—Despite Circumference!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. J. BURRIDGE, Hidleigh, Hyde Road, Paignton, Devon.
Improving The Seaside—So Effectively, Spoilt It.

A. E. BURROW, 23, St. Monica Road, Sholing, Southampton.
In Memory's Garden—Grandpa—Somebody Mentioned Marrows.

B. BUTLER, 40, Flower Market, Covent Garden, W.C.
Piano Next Door—"Grand" Hearing It "Slam."

Miss B. E. FARRINGTON, Stricklands Cotts., Penwortham, Preston.
Spoilt Her Holiday—Hubby *Didn't* Forget "Tap."

J. GILMOUR, 80, Brora Street, Riddrie, Glasgow.
Those Who Know—More Positive, Every Pint.

Mr. C. J. JAMES, 45, Wind Street, Swansea.
After A Day's Work—Modern Youth Demands Partnership.

C. E. LANE, 17, Capel Place, Wilmington, Nr. Dartford.
The Old—Tale—The Ale Told.

Mrs. E. NEWMAN, Dunkirk, Nr. Faversham.
Helping Father—Sonny—If Job's Dirty.

A. W. SAMWAYS, 8, Prestfield Road, Gillingham, Kent.
Painful Process—"Extractions"—Dental And Rental.

A. WHITTAKER, 34, Cecil Street, Hull, Yorks.
Piano Next Door—Another "Note Has Gone."

In accordance with our published announcement each winner of 2/6 and over will receive an additional cash Bonus of £1.

A list of 25 10/- and 300 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

The original cheque for £1,200 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 818 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Allen, 57, Victoria Road, Woolston, Southampton.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 820 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2. (Do not enclose this coupon with your "*Bullets*" entry.)

Examples for Competition No. 820

TALKING ABOUT ECONOMY	ANOTHER U-HEAVAL	SOLD AGAIN
IF WE DELAY	ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY	OUGHT TO BE CAREFUL
FORMIDABLE OBSTACLE	NOT ILLUMINATING	DROPPED
DELICATE CHILD	KEEPING HIM UNDER	IN FULL
GOING OUT	DOESN'T SAY MUCH	AT IT AGAIN
CLOTHES	MAKING FILMS	THICK AND FAST
FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE	AT REST	CLOSING
STROLLING ALONG	IN BROAD DAYLIGHT	CLEARLY
LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER	SWEEPING	TELLS HER EVERYTHING
LIKE A TON OF BRICKS	HAS MY SYMPATHY	WHEN DAD WENT FLYING
A GLANCE, A SMILE AND	DARING DEED	

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 19
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(820) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 19
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(820) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 19
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(820) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 19
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(820) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

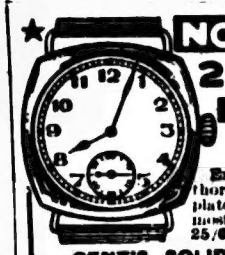
If you Wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 820, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

£1,000 REWARD

AND LATEST RADIO SETS FOR "BULLETS"—NEXT WEEK ONLY



NO DEPOSIT
2 AMAZING BARGAINS!!

LADY'S SOLID SILVER WATCH
Expanding silver bracelet, thoroughly tested, three-quarter plate, jewelled movement, utmost precision, handsome dial. 25/6. On Moire Band, 20/-.

GENT'S SOLID SILVER WATCH
Strong leather strap, similar movement, 21/-, with second hand, Luminous 2/- extra.

Both warranted for 15 years. 7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly.

Send to Dept. J.B. to-day for one of these marvellous watches. 2/- discount for cash with order.

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JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute satisfaction or Money Back in full.

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 12

MARVELLOUS BARGAIN OFFER Genuine South African Field Boots

Exactly as illustrated, with fine pliable full chrome calf uppers in Black or Brown. Double Tongues. Double Soles. Built for long service and hard wear. 8 11, postage 9d. Extra stout, in Black dull chrome grain leather, without toecap 9 11, post 9d. Sizes 6½ to 11½.

Price **8/11** Post 9d.

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Over Midland Bank

Ellis BUNGALOWS

THE 'BEXHILL'
In complete sections, for easy erection by amateurs.

20ft. x 10ft. (2 rooms) ...	£28. 4. 6.
30ft. x 10ft. (3 rooms) ..	£47. 0. 0.
40ft. x 10ft. (4 rooms) ...	£62. 0. 0.

FROM £29.4.6

Carriage Paid. Easiest of Easy Terms.

Numerous designs and prices in FREE ART CATALOGUE Also Pavilions, Garages, Greenhouses, Halls, etc.

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GENTS' SUITS

Genuine Bargains

UNBEATABLE — SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL WITHIN SEVEN DAYS OF PURCHASE.

Blue, Brown and Grey fancy stripes, and Grey check Tweed Suits.

State inside leg, chest and waist measurements and what colour preferred. No patterns sent.

Black Striped Trousers 3/6 pair, post 6d.

Personal Inspection invited.

CASH PRICE **17/6** EACH
PACKING AND POSTAGE 1/-

Send P.O. or M.O. to Dept. J.
REGENT TRADERS,
Kingly Court,
10, Kingly St., Lond.n, W.1.

SEND NO MONEY!

Lady's or Gent's
SOLID SILVER WRIST WATCH
sent on our fair and square terms of 7 days' free approval. If satisfied send only 2/- and balance 2/- weekly.

GENT'S MODEL, handsome appearance, as illustrated, with seconds hand and sewn on leather strap, plain or luminous dial. Price 25/-. LADY'S MODEL, beautifully fashioned, moire band or leather, 21/-

Solid Silver expanding Bracelet 2/6.

State model required. 2/- discount for cash.

(R) TARRANT & CO.,
Cromwell House, Fulwood Place,
HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1

FREE LUCKY CHARM

SEND NOW

Free Gift of Marina Pearl Bracelet with Lucky Elephant Charm sent to all customers on receipt of first payment.

45/- SUITS for 19/6

Great Advertising Offer
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

To the first two hundred readers who apply we will supply one of our noted 45/- dent's suits for merely 19/6, and if for any reason you do not consider the suit supplied for only 19/6 honestly worth every penny of 45/- return it, and we will refund your 19/6 together with 1/- for your trouble in sending.

The first two hundred applicants only will secure these bargains. Don't send money now, but see what you buy.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS

Send a postcard for a big range of fine Yorkshire Tweeds and Worsteds fashions and easy self-measure form to

H. THOMAS & CO., Dept. J.B.18,
14, Pitlake Bridge, W. Croydon, Surrey.

for MEN—COMFORT and APPEARANCE wear a Beasley WONDER BELT

An upright carriage compels attention. Get rid of superfluous flesh, and have an athlete's figure. Equal for value and results to the expensive belts advertised. Made from fine materials; so light in weight you hardly know you have it on. Take advantage of this wonderful offer now. State waist measure and send P.O. without delay for 6'11
Over 42 inches 1/6 extra. Similar Belt for women at same price up to 36 ins. with suspenders. Over 36 ins. 1/6 extra. Goods exchanged or money refunded if unsuitable.

BEASLEY SURGICAL BELTS,
Dept. 208, 26, Charing X Rd., W.C.2
Catalogue of Belts and Corsets for men and women free on request.

600 FREE GIFTS

600 ARTICLES. FREE TO ALL.

Carpets Footwear | Furniture Clothing | Bedding Jewellery

NO OUTLAY
NO TROUBLE

£3 Commission on a 20-week Club.

Start a City and Provincial Club NOW. 1/- weekly secures all these 600 Bargains. Big commissions. Best possible value.

DON'T DELAY—SEND TO-DAY!

VACANCIES NOW FOR 1,000 NEW AGENTS.
Send P.C. for particulars.
New 128-page Catalogue of Amazing Bargains.

CITY & PROVINCIAL STORES (Dept. W),
P.O. Box 43, Atlantic Mills, Manchester.

50,000 Yards CASEMENT CURTAINING AND CRETONNES 1D.

Actual Samples of plain Hemstitched, Inserted, Guaranteed Fadeless Cretonnes, Reps, Nets, Poplins, Satins, Stripes, Artificial Silks, Multi Stripes, etc.

P.C. BRINGS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE, ALSO POST FREE
72 Coloured Illustrations Lovely Cretonnes.

PATTERN BOOK POST FREE

From 3D. Yard
CRETONNES and FADELESS CASEMENT with a GUARANTEE
4¾D.

CASEMENT MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. J.B.31), THE LOOMS, MANCHESTER.

DOWN QUILTS

20/- *free*

To advertise this complete bale for 20/- and no further payments!

2 Woolly Blankets	90 x 70
2 Bolton Sheets	90 x 70
2 Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 Bolster Case	58 x 18
2 Turkish Towels	

All double bed size.

We are giving Free of Cost a 66 x 48 Beautiful Wadded

DOWN QUILT

If cash sent with order we will also include a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings.

Money back if not satisfied.
Cash or C.O.D. Sent Carr. Free
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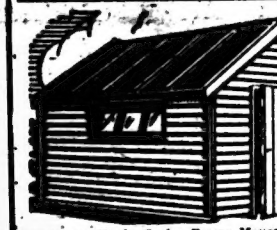

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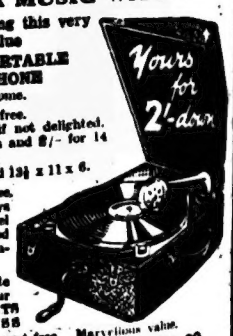

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